A FREE TICKET TO LEXINGTON PARK In the Boton American Next SUNDAY

HEARST'S
BOSTON AMERICAN
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THE WEATHER.

For Boston and vicinity: Fair to-night and Saturday; warmer Saturday; light variable winds.

High water: 1:00 a. m., 1:30 p. m.

FARMER'S PRETTY DAUGHTER STRANGLED TO DEATH BY TRAMPS

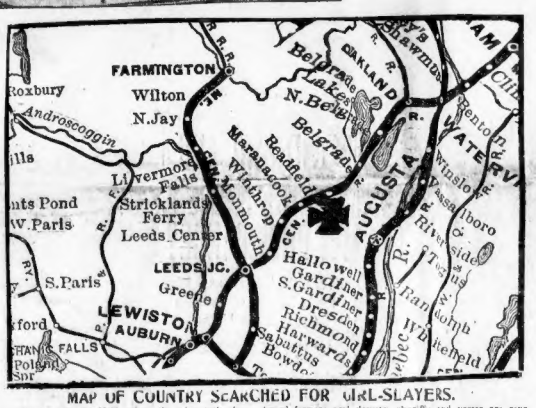
HUNDRED ARMED MEN HUNT GIRL SLAYERS

AUBURN COURT HOUSE.
From Nelson's International Series of Souvenir Books, Portland, Me.
From this building yesterday morning was released the man who in the evening of the same day strangled the young daughter of farmer Hackett, near Readfield, Me.

Eighteen-Year-Old Mattie Hackett Was Preparing Supper for Men When She Was Attacked, Dragged Into the Yard and Garroted. Head Crushed With Stone.

READFIELD, Me., Aug. 18.—While pretty eighteen-year-old Mattie Hackett lies dead at her home, done to death by garroting, more than a hundred farmers and Summer visitors, armed heavily, are engaged in a man hunt which, if successful, may end by summary justice being dealt. The three men sought are tramps, who are believed to have strangled the girl, then crushed in her skull with a stone.

The crime occurred last night at the home of the girl's father, Levi Hackett, a well-to-do farmer. Four tramps appeared there and asked for food. The girl was preparing a supper for them, when presumably she was attacked. A cord around her throat was the method of death. Her father and one of the four tramps were out of the house at the time.



MAP OF COUNTRY SCARCHED FOR GIRL-SLAYERS.
Cross marks Readfield, where the crime took place. Armed farmers and deputy sheriffs and posses are ranging the land for miles about this place.

JAP ARMY ANXIOUS TO CRUSH FOE

Oyama and His Generals Tell Mikado They Are Ready to Strike Final Blow.

THINK TERMS TOO EASY

LONDON, Aug. 18.—A Tokio dispatch to the Telegraph says that the throne received on August 13 a strong memorial from Field Marshal Oyama and all the generals, declaring that the forces were anxious to deliver a crushing blow to the enemy and strenuously advocating the imposition of more severe terms.

SHORT SESSION BY THE PEACE ENVOYS TO-DAY

By J. Frank Davis.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., Aug. 18.—The peace envoys left the hotel at their usual time to-day after having announced that they would only hold one session. This is done that the secretaries may have a chance to catch up with the work, and also that the plenipotentiaries may have time to communicate with their emperors relative to the crucial points in the controversy which are now under consideration.

The envoys thought that they would be able to return to the hotel for luncheon to-day instead of taking it at the navy yard, as they have been doing. Because of the rapid progress that has been made it is believed that the representatives of both governments will be inclined to take a great deal of time in the consideration of the indemnity and cession clauses before they break up the conference without an agreement.

Before leaving M. Korostovetx said: "The envoys will probably finish the discussion of articles eleven and twelve today. When they adjourn it will be until Monday. Then they will take up those articles on which there has been a divergence of opinion, not serially, but altogether, for general discussion."

"Will the matters involved in these clauses be settled by the governments instead of by the envoys?"

"It is natural. The envoys cannot agree. Their governments are informed of their disagreement. Perhaps they may add to the discussion in a manner that will solve the situation. At least, that is the case of the Russian plenipotentiaries. I cannot speak, of course, for the Japanese."

It is known that the same condition exists in the Japanese camp. Long cablegrams went to Tokio last night. A reply is expected to-day which will govern Komura and Takahira in their conduct to-morrow.

"Will the conference end to-day?" Mr. Korostovetx was asked.

"I hardly expect so."

END OF CONFERENCE DOUBTFUL

"And are you planning to return to Russia next Tuesday, as a newspaper said to-day?"

"I do not think so soon as that," and Mr. Korostovetx smiled. "That takes it for granted that we would not go to say good-bye to the President of the United States."

"Shall you take the trip to the White Mountains that Governor McLane has invited you to take?"

"I have not heard this discussed by the plenipotentiaries. It might be if the result is peace. Otherwise, we naturally would not go anywhere with the Japanese plenipotentiaries."

"Shall you go right home after the conference?"

"M. Witte thought at first he might remain in this country a few days. I think now, however, we shall go home."

Mr. Sato, for the Japanese, said last evening that his people would return at once to Japan whatever the result of the negotiations.

"What are the chances for peace, in your opinion?" he was asked.

"They are as good as ever," was the reply.

The progress of the peace conference has been the most rapid in history. Ten of the twelve Japanese demands have already been discussed in detail, and either an agreement reached or a divergence of opinion that may later be reconciled has been noted.

Continued on 3d Page, 6th Column

Witnesses From Chicago Arrive; Try TO IDENTIFY MARSH

Suspect in Auto Murder Mystery Confronted by Men Who Saw "Mr. Dove."

Precautions Taken to Make Test Thorough and Settle Matter Beyond Dispute.

Special to the Boston American.

PLYMOUTH, Aug. 18.—George L. Marsh, arrested at the request of the Chicago police who is charged with the murder of Chauffeur William Bate on November 18 last, was confronted at the jail here to-day by W. J. Starrs and Eddie Slavin, the two Chicago men who are important witnesses in the murder case. They are to tell whether Marsh is or is not the mysterious "Mr. Dove", believed to be Bate's murderer.

Starrs says that "Mr. Dove" spent the morning of the murder with him from 2 o'clock until 6, in the station at Ronco, Ill., where Starrs is night telegraph operator, nervous, expressing anxiety to get away and smoking numerous cigarettes.

Eddie Slavin was telephone boy at the Auditorium Hotel, Chicago, and it was through him that "Mr. Dove" sent his call to the garage for an automobile.

Every precaution was taken by Detective Sheehan of Chicago to make the test one that would stand cross-examination, no matter which side of the case it favored. Both face and voice tests were used.

ASKED TO PICK HIM OUT.

March was placed with a number of other prisoners and both Starrs and Slavin were asked to pick him out by number in the line and were cautioned not to make known their selection.

The young prisoner bore the ordeal with great cheerfulness.

"Much depends upon the result of this visit," said Detective Sheehan to a BOSTON AMERICAN reporter. "Until I am absolutely sure of what has been decided by these two important witnesses

Continued on 4th Page, 1st Column.

Marsh's Mother Thanks Son's Friends Through the American

Editor BOSTON AMERICAN:

With the fullest knowledge that my son, George L. Marsh, is as innocent as a child of the charge of which he is accused, I want to thank all his friends who have offered their sympathy and services and to ask all others, and the public at large, to suspend judgment until the opportunity is afforded to satisfy them of the injustice being done my boy.

They can prove nothing against him, and he will soon be home with us again. What worries me most is the state of his health, and that this additional calamity may give him a setback from which he cannot recover.

If they take George to Chicago in his condition of health I should fear for the consequences. They will have no legal right to take him away. He hasn't done anything to merit arrest, and is a very sick man. Dr. Frost, our family physician, says he is in no fit condition to go to Chicago.

I wish to thank my son's Chicago friends, Mr. Morton, Mrs. Kennedy, Miss Roke, Mr. Canary, Mr. McRae, Mr. Stokes, Mrs. Neill Barry, and all others, who spoke so kindly of my son.

The BOSTON AMERICAN deserves great credit for the way it has presented the facts, and I desire to include the paper in the list of those who have the sincere gratitude of my family.

Brockton, Aug. 10, 1905. MRS. G. C. MARSH.

40 WITNESSES CALLED IN BRIBERY INQUIRY

ALDERMEN AND DOCK TRUST OFFICIALS TO BE EXAMINED BY DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

Forty witnesses have been summoned by the District Attorney to appear before the special session of the grand jury, which convenes next Monday to testify in the investigation of bribery charges made in the Board of Aldermen by Alderman Linehan.

Summonses have been served upon members of the Board of Aldermen and upon officials of dock companies.

Officials of both companies, the National Wiuhouse and Dock Company and the National Dock Trust, have been called upon to bring their books before the grand jury.

They will be compelled to show by their books to whom and for what purpose any money was paid out about which the district attorney desires to inquire. Mr. Sughrue intends to go into the charges to the minutest details.

Inspectors from police headquarters have been busy serving the summonsses upon the men whose attendance is desired at the special session of the grand jury. With the Board of Aldermen, labor leaders, Dock Trust officials and others the number already served is over thirty and by the time the list is completed forty men will be asked to tell what they know about the charges of bribery.

In addition to this work the inspectors are said to be quietly engaged in gathering important evidence. Inspector Norton left headquarters yesterday and for several hours was engaged in running down one very important fact for Captain Dugan, who has charge of the case for the District Attorney.

District-Attorney Sughrue declines to discuss what he is doing to prepare the case for the grand jury.

Linahan Engages Counsel.

Alderman Linehan, after several conferences with Captain Dugan, engaged Attorney Thomas J. Barry to represent him. To a BOSTON AMERICAN reporter the Alderman said:

"I cannot talk about this matter at this time. It would throw the whole case into the air and spoil it all. I cannot give any one my case for my witnesses, and it would be very wrong to discuss this matter in the newspapers before the grand jury has had a chance to hear all the evidence and the whole story.

"I will all be told in the grand jury room, and it is up to the grand jury to decide. I cannot talk now. I have nothing to say whatever on the case. It is going along nicely now, and the police are making a thorough investigation."

KIDNAP THREAT AROUSES TOWN

WESTFIELD, Aug. 18.—This town has been much wrought up over letters sent through anonymous letterss to kidnap children of some of the leading citizens.

Mrs. Edward Cone and Mrs. Alfred Fletcher received letters a few days ago stating that their small sons, aged three and five years respectively, would be kidnapped at once unless $200 in one case and $100 in another was left in a vacant house on Morris avenue.

The matter was immediately placed in the hands of Chief of Police W. F. Fluton, who is now investigating the affair.

All last night the woods for many miles were searched by an armed party, headed by Deputy Sheriff Brown of Readfield. To-day the search goes on. Many of the searchers carry ropes; the singular brutality of the crime has incensed them greatly, and if the men are caught there may be no trial.

"TAKE THEM ALIVE," IS WORD.

The scene of the crime is Kent's Hills, a suburb of this town. The girl was strikingly attractive and widely known, even among the Summer visitors to this vicinity. The result was that when news of her murder was spread broadcast the farmers who inaugurated the search with the aid of the deputy sheriffs, who were quickly on the scene, were joined by many city men.

"If you see them and they start to run, shoot," is the word that has passed among the searchers. "But don't shoot to kill. Take them alive."

The body of the girl was found by her father, who, almost frenzied with grief, is with the searching party. She lay about forty yards from the farm house. When found by the father a cord was tied tightly about her neck and there was a gash on the head, made by a stone or some blunt instrument. The girl was still breathing when found, but died just as she was taken to the house.

THREE MEN ARE SOUGHT.

The three men for whom the search is being made were, with two others, released from jail at Auburn, where they had been serving terms for vagrancy. The five were Harry Jones, John McEachern, Richard Love, T. H. Gibbons and Joseph Stevenson. Jones is in custody, but is simply held as a witness, as he had nothing to do with the crime. In fact, it was he who asked the father to carry his daughter's body to the house and who aroused the neighborhood with news of the crime.

Love, Gibbons and McEachern are the men wanted. They, with Jones, called at the Hackett house last night and asked for something to eat. The family had eaten supper and Mrs. Hackett, with the servant, had gone to a neighbor's house to spend the evening, leaving Hackett and his daughter to attend to the chores.

The kind-hearted farmer willingly agreed to feed the hungry men and told his daughter to prepare some food for them. A few minutes later he went to the barn to finish his chores. Jones accompanied him and the other three waited in the yard, near the house.

Hackett and Jones had not been in

Colinued on 3d Page, 1st Column

EVANS MURDER TRIAL EXPOSES TWO DOMESTIC TRAGEDIES

MRS BARBER and Lawyer O'NEIL

ALLEN J. BARBER.

DETECTIVE WHITE

WIFE of EVANS

MRS BARBER

Former Wife of Accused and His Housekeeper, Who Was Indirect Cause of Killing, Watch Each Other Closely While Case Is On.

By Eleanor Ames.

THERE was a strange grouping of the principals in two domestic tragedies in the Somerville police court, during the preliminary hearing of Joseph Evans, accused of having shot and killed Private Detective George L. Fraser.

In the corridor, on long benches set along the wall, two women faced each other.

They were women most vitally interested in the outcome of the case.

One, gray haired, care-worn, past middle age, was formerly the wife of the accused man.

The other, young, apparently free from worry, is the housekeeper for that man, and the woman whose presence in the Evans household made possible the evening visit which resulted in the shooting.

All the morning they sat there, waiting the summons to the court room.

They did not speak to each other.

To outward appearances each might have been oblivious of the other's presence.

Watched Each Other.

In reality not an act of one escaped the eyes of the other.

When Mrs. Evans walked up and down the corridor, Mrs. Barber watched her every step.

When Mrs. Barber arose and went sniffing toward the door to speak to a friend or to ask some question of a court officer, Mrs. Evans looked sharply at her through the gold rimmed spectacles which give to her face an air of severity.

Inside the court room the husbands of the two women were placed side by side, separated only by the steel frame of the prisoner's cage.

In the coulines of dark cage Joseph Evans sat, wild-eyed and shrunk.

Outside, on the witness stand Allan Barber, calm and composed, went over and over and over again in minutest detail the story of his visit to the Evans home, and the events which led up to the fatal result.

Not once did he glance toward the accused man, who, however, watched him closely and listened with interest to every word that was said by witness or lawyers.

Little by little as he rehearsed the story of his meeting with Evans, Allan Barber gave the outline of the history of his marital infelicity.

Barber and His Story.

"I went to Mr. Evans's house in Cambridge," he said, "to see if my wife was taking the proper care of the child and if she was, she should."

His visit to his wife lasted only about fifteen minutes. The child came in the room in its mother's arms.

Later Mr. Evans came in and took the little mother and carried it into a bedroom across the hall.

Mrs. Barber did not introduce her husband and her employer. Nor did Mr. Evans speak to the caller, though he passed Mrs. Barber in a doorway.

Mrs. Barber is a clean, plain, sensible looking man.

He is of medium height and build. His hair and mustache are gray, his skin colorless, his eyes blue.

He has rather small hands with tapering fingers and he is noticeably reposeful. One would gain the impression that he takes life seriously and is an industrious and practical person.

There seemed to be little emotion in his rehearsal of the visits to his wife.

Either he has conquered his feelings or he has ceased to care that the romance of married life is dead.

Barker Talks of Wife.

Coming back to Boston on the car we talked over the early days of his married life.

"My wife liked company and excitement," he told me. "If she had bettered herself by her leaving me, I should feel more content, but I cannot see where she has.

"I tried to do what I could for her. I gave her charge accounts in the various stores, and I kept a horse and carriage that she might take the oldest child driving.

"I thought we had a fairly happy home. It was the best I could provide.

"I was willing to do everything that I could to make my wife happy.

"But I must have failed."

He took a yellow account book from his pocket. "Here," he said, "is her grocery book. You can see that she could order wherever she pleased."

He turned the pages. The monthly account averaged about $21 for groceries alone for Mr. and Mrs. Barber, one small child and a tiny baby.

I spoke of the entries of "candy," "chocolates," "gum drops," which appeared at frequent intervals.

Tale Told by Account Book.

He sighed. "Yes, she had a sweet tooth, I guess," he said, and turned to the last pages, where for eleven months the grocer had furnished $21.22 worth of candy, but quite an average of fifty cents a week.

As he put the account book back in his pocket, a postal dropped out.

I picked it up. "Read it," said the husband.

It was from the wife, and read:

"Alice:

"Forgot to say I have gone home for a few days.

"Pardon my forgetfulness.

"Yours, G."

"She was very absent minded," he said as he laid it away.

As we stood waiting for the car after court had closed, Mrs. Barber came down the street with two women friends. She walked with a slight limp and leaned on the shoulder of one of her companions.

She was laughing and talking gaily.

Mrs. Barber's Gaiety.

There was not a suspicion of worry on her face, and she looked quite smart in a skirt of black cloth and a well-fitted covert cloth coat. Her white waist had neck and wrist ruchings of pale blue, and she wore a big brown hat.

She passed us without a glance in the direction of her husband.

He looked after her with a sad little smile.

"I wonder what makes her lame," he remarked. "It must be something recent. She does not speak to us any more."

Mrs. Evans left the court house alone, and hurried away.

"When I go on the stand I shall tell the truth," she declared; "no matter whether it suits Mr. Evans or not.

"Why, I am afraid of my life of that man. Many a time I've been afraid he would kill me.

"I don't think his head is just right.

"He treated me awful. Why, just think, he turned my two children out of the house after he married me, and took care of his three children on my money, but I didn't dare to say anything."

Mrs. Evans's Sadness.

Mrs. Evans looks as though life had shown her its sorry side.

She is worn and weary. Even the pale pink neck ribbon, which heightened her costume of brown shirt and white chiffon waist, did not take away from the somber careworn air.

"I'm worried almost to death with all my troubles," she confided.

To those who visit the court merely as curiously seekers, the story of the matrimonial unhappiness of the two families lends fair to overshadow the vital issue whether Joseph Evans did or did not shoot George Fraser, and if so, whether in view of the fact that the latter and three companions were entering his house, unbidden he had a right to defend his castle?

POOR GIRL AND RICH MAN WED IN PROVIDENCE?

Oliver S. Kenney and Miss Della Meehan of Louisville Get Marriage License.

The issuance of a marriage license in Providence to Oliver Gould Kenney, a wealthy Boston mattress manufacturer, and Miss Della Theresa Meehan, daughter of James M. Meehan, a laborer, of No. 10 Franklin avenue, Somerville, has caused considerable discussion among the neighbors of the couple, who live side by side.

Mr. Kenney is a wealthy widower, and has been seen frequently with Miss Meehan, who is a charming young woman. Neither Mr. Kenney nor Miss Meehan could be found when reporters called at their homes and it is not known whether they have been married.

Mr. Kenney's brother, Alpheaus, was seen at the former's office, No. 97 Beverly street, and said he did not think his brother or any one in Providence during the day had been up. He did not know his brother was to be married or any other engaged to Miss Meehan or any other young woman.

At the address given in the marriage license a reporter was told that the Meehan family does not know of any Della Meehan, "No such person has lived here," a member of the family said.

It is expected the mystery about the issuance of the marriage license will be cleared up as soon as one or the other of the couple can be located. Meanwhile the couple's neighbors are all guessing.

WILL OBSERVE ACADIAN DAY

To-morrow the French Acadians of Nova England will celebrate that tragic episode in the history of Nova Scotia when their ancestors were deported from Acadia 150 years ago because they refused to take the oath of allegiance to King George of England. It was around this sad event that Longfellow built his beautiful tale of "Evangeline."

The celebration to-morrow at Oak Island Grove will be in recognition of the 150th anniversary of this event. The celebration, which will include athletic games, dancing and music, will be under the direction of Assomption Society, Court St. Joseph of Lynn and Court Port Royal of Chelsea.

F. GRAY CO. HAS BIG OVERCOAT SALE

It is an old maxim of business firms, "your money back if you want it." F. Gray Company, corner of Washington and Hanover streets are having a sale of Winter overcoats, about 2,000 of them. They have confidence in the goods, so much so that W. Y. Hyde, who is conducting the sale says he will give more than the money back, where the coat is not satisfactory. The price is $7.90. Mr. Hyde will return $8.25.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets

give instant relief. Cure every form of stomach weakness. For sale by all druggists, 50 cents for full-sized boxes.

INTERESTED SPECTATORS AT MURDER TRIAL

ENVOYS DISCUSS DISPUTED CLAUSES

Continued from 1st Page.

This is the condition of the twelve clauses at the opening of to-day's session:

First—KOREA. Japanese protectorate agreed upon, with provision that Russia shall be a "favored nation."

Second—MANCHURIA. To be evacuated at once by Russia and by Japan as soon as order is restored.

Third—LIAOTUNG PENINSULA. Russian lease to be ceded to Japan.

Fourth—PORT ARTHUR and DALNY. Lease to become the property of Japan.

Fifth—SAKHALIN ISLAND. Japanese demand cession; Russians refuse. No agreement reached and divergence recorded.

Sixth—CHINA. Principle of the open door agreed to by both nations.

Seventh—EASTERN CHINESE RAILWAY—from Port Arthur to Harbin. To come under the direction of Japan in principle, with a reservation as to details which will be readily settled upon the receipt of information from the respective governments.

Eighth—EASTERN CHINESE RAILWAY—from Harbin to Vladivostok and northward to Siberian railway. To remain in possession of Russia.

Ninth—INDEMNITY. Japanese demanded reimbursement for the cost of the war; Russians decline to admit the principle. No agreement reached and divergence recorded.

Tenth—RUSSIAN WARSHIPS—Interned in neutral ports. Japan demands cession; Russia refuses to admit principle. No agreement reached and divergence recorded.

Eleventh—RUSSIAN NAVAL POWER. Japan demands its limitation in Far East. Russia declines. Topic still under discussion.

Twelfth—SIBERIAN FISHERIES. Japan demands their cession. Clause will be reached to-day. Believed Russia will concede the article.

DISPUTED POINTS.

As stated in these dispatches ever since the opening of the conference, it transpires that there are four points upon which the nations apparently cannot agree. Two of these are said by each to be essential—Indemnity and Sakhalin.

Japan and Russia each insist publicly and privately that they will concede neither in principle. The optimists still think Witte will find a way to concede the substance of each without, in theory, admitting the principle. Pessimists still look for a break-up of the conference on Monday at the latest.

There are very few men in attendance at this historical debate between two great powers who have consistently held one view of the outcome of the negotiations from the beginning to the end. There have been days when the outlook was dark and gloomy, and days when the prospect for peace seemed bright. The envoys themselves have been alternately cheerful and depressed. Yesterday was one of their cheerful days.

Even M. Witte made a joke last night on his return from the conference. A score or so of newspaper men met him at the door, as is their wont, and he answered a few questions as to the day's business, speaking, as he always does at these daily sessions, in French.

He had informed us as to the portion of the day, agreeing very closely with Mr. Sato, whose duty it was to issue the official statement after the session. Then he turned, bowed to all the newspaper men and started up the stairs. A correspondent called after him:

"Do you think you will finish article twelve to-morrow?"

"Yes," said M. Witte.

"And after that have you decided what to do?"

"Yes."

"What, if you please?"

"We shall then go to dinner," and the big Russian went chuckling up the stairs, while the other correspondents and the Russian attaches joined in the laughter at the joke.

The highest-grade, lowest-priced clothing that bears the Union Label is Morse-made.

There's a trio of price attractions in our store that's keeping our sales-force busy these August days.

We've consolidated into three groups all the broken lots of our fancy suits—like this:

$25, $22 and $20 Suits, Marked down to..... $15

$18 and $15 Suits, Marked down to..... $10

$12 and $10 Suits, Marked down to..... $7.50

While the reductions are sufficiently substantial to arouse interest, the additional fact that every suit is Morse-made gives the markdowns a solid basis of reliability that constitutes their chief attraction.

The 20 per cent. reduction on our serge suits is still in effect.

$5.00 is the price at which we've marked all our youths' $10 and $8 outing suits. Sizes up to 34 inches chest measure.

Open Saturday Night Until 10

Everything That Men and Boys Wear.

Leopold Morse & Co.

Designers and Makers of "Superior" Ready-to-Wear Union-Made Clothing.

Washington and Brattle Streets

COMPLEXION HANDS AND HAIR

Preserved Purified and Beautified by

Cuticura SOAP

The World's Favorite

Cuticura Soap combines delicate medicinal and emollient properties derived from Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, with the purest of cleansing ingredients and most refreshing of flower odors. For skin irritations, heat rashes, tan, sunburn, bites and stings of insects, lameness and soreness incidental to summer sports, for sacharine, antiseptic cleansing, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are priceless.

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.
"Skin and Hair Free." All About the Skin and Scalp.

Get My Book—if Sick

It tells how I cure Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, and all disease through the inside nerves. I will also send you my Health Token Free—which will enable me to tell you at once if I can cure you free to you. Write Box 10, Racine, Wis.

DR. SHOOP

SAYS POLICE EXTORT MONEY

FALL RIVER, Aug. 18.—John Mason Read, a Steep Brook longshoreman, charged Police Inspector Benjamin W. Brown and Patrolman Charles B. Jenney at a hearing before the Board of Police with extorting from him $1,550 in money and a colt which the declaration says is worth $400.

Read's story is that early in February, upon the invitation of Mrs. Brown, he went to Brown's house and was admitted through her bedroom window by Mrs. Brown herself. Brown came in and pointed a revolver at him, and Read knocked it from his hand.

He says that he settled through Lawyer Milton Druce by paying over $1,550 and giving a bill of sale for the colt. When he brought suit for $10,000 against the officers.

Brown denied that he demanded any money or a horse from Read, and said the reason he didn't arrest him was because he didn't want the notoriety. No decision has been reached.

I. T. U. STANDS BY PRESIDENT

TORONTO, Ont., Aug. 18.—Delegate Shelby Smith was expelled from the International Typographical Union convention for attacks on the executive by a vote of 209 to 34. Smith said before the vote was taken that he would make no defense, for the reason that the convention had no jurisdiction and because he refused to have the case of his union presented in a fragmentary way. In his reply, President Lynch said the law in Smith's case was plain and could not be evaded by compromise.

It was voted to hold the 1906 convention at Colorado Springs.

PACIFIC STORM KILLS 100.

SYDNEY, N. S. W., Aug. 18.—Confirmation of the report that the Marshall Islands were visited by a hurricane and tidal wave on June 30 has been received here. One hundred lives were lost.

SUICIDE THREAT NOT FULFILLED

Nat S. Bean, the Melrose grocery clerk who wrote friends in that city he would commit suicide in Ticonderoga, N. Y., has been seen in Boston alive and apparently well.

Letters from him postmarked Ticonderoga were received in Melrose August 10, but no trace could be found of him in the former town, and nothing was heard from him until last evening, when Frank Wilson of Melrose, an old acquaintance, met him in Adams square, this city, went with him to the North station and gave him fare to Melrose. Several other persons also saw and recognized him. Wilson says he was shabbily dressed and covered with dust.

He has not yet appeared in Melrose. Unless he does so within a day or two, his brother says the police will be asked to locate him.

THREATEN TO LYNCH SLAYERS OF MAINE GIRL

Posse Scours Woods for Three Men Who Murdered Mattie Hackett.

NO MERCY TO BE SHOWN

DESCRIPTION OF THREE MEN GIVEN BY HACKETT

FIRST — About six feet in height, bald and with a small, sandy moustache. Wore a checked coat and blue overalls.

SECOND—About five feet ten inches in height, red hair. Wore striped overalls and a dark, double-breasted coat.

THIRD — Smaller than the other two, but Mr. Hackett did not see him clearly and was unable to give a description.

Continued from 1st Page.

the barn more than ten minutes when they heard a shriek from the direction of the house. Hackett rushed to the door of the barn and heard another agonized scream.

FOUND GIRL DYING.

Followed by Jones he started for the house on the run. In the twilight they saw three men running down the road toward the Readville railroad station, two miles away. Forty yards from the house they saw something white lying beside the road. Nearly insane the father ran to the white object and found it was his daughter, unconscious, her clothing torn and the blood flowing from a long gash in her head.

She was still breathing, and the two men tenderly raised her and carried her to the house. Not until they arrived there did they notice that about her throat was tied a piece of cord.

So tightly was it drawn that she was already black from suffocation. The cord was cut, but it was too late. When they laid her on the couch in the house, life was extinct.

The father dropped on his knees beside the body of his daughter and young Jones ran from the room. The father believed but he was so overcome by the terrible affliction that he was unable to make a movement to stop him.

But within twenty minutes he knew that he had subjugated the young man. Neighbors, breathless from rushing, began to arrive at the house, and then Hackett understood that Jones had left him to arouse the neighbors.

ALL CAME WITH ARMS.

From all directions the farmers came and nearly every one was armed. **Those who were not, when they saw the body of the girl and noticed the mark on the head and the livid mark about the throat, returned to their homes for whatever weapons they could secure.**

Many of the younger men leaped upon horses and rode up and down the countryside, telling the awful story to all and calling upon every man to join in the search for the murderers.

Less than two hours after the murder there were over one hundred men, armed with guns, revolvers, axes, scythe blades and clubs, tramping through the woods in all directions. Many of the searchers were mere boys, many were gray haired men, bent with age, but all were animated by the same feeling—vengeance.

Not a few of the men had ropes. These said nothing of the use to which they intended to put the rines, but they made no pretense of hiding them and the looks of grim determination on their faces spoke louder than words.

There is not the shadow of a doubt that had the men who committed the murder been found last night their bodies would have swung from the nearest trees.

Milliken was summoned to the house, but he could do nothing but give orders that the body should not be disturbed until the coroner arrived.

JONES AS A WITNESS.

Deputy Sheriff Brown was the first official to be notified and he, accompanied by the village constable, at once went to the scene of the crime. They, too, joined the searching party after taking young Jones into custody as a witness.

Jones told his story of the murder and Hackett, although unable to speak, nodded his head in token that the young man's statement was true, and that he had no hand in the atrocity.

Some one went to the house where Mrs. Hackett was visiting and broke the news to her. She hurried home and fell senseless into her husband's arms at the threshold. So overcome was she that the services of Dr. Milliken were needed to restore her.

Throughout the miserable hours that followed while the farmers, at fever heat of rage, scoured the fields and forests, first one and then another of the searchers would come back to the grief-stricken parents at the farm and gloomily report that no success had thus far followed the search.

Many of the farmers brought their lanterns, but there were not enough of these to go around, and so the old-time torches were resorted to.

Rolls of birch bark, hastily stripped in the woods from fallen trees, great pine knots secured from decaying stumps and tree trunks, were lighted, and it was not long before glares of these uncanny torches could be seen on almost every hillside, now and then joined by the twinkling of the reade lanterns.

MANY TRAMPS HELD UP.

In Readfield there were scores of men watching every highway coming into the village. The railroad tracks were watched, men journeyed up and down the line, the station operator was called out and he also had dispatches flashing over the wires all up and down the line, telling the tale of the terrible murder, and requesting that authorities in each city and hamlet, village and settlement, to watch for suspects and to hold for three young men.

The description of them was somewhat meager, and during the night a number of tramps were held up. They were allowed to go away from the scene of the crime, however, for it was known that they could not have been there.

Word was sent to the jail authorities at Auburn and there was a hasty search of the records made. From these, descriptions were secured of the five young men released that morning.

These were telephoned and telegraphed all up and down the State, and at the same time a copy was printed, which will be released this morning. Before the first mail, word comes that the men have been found.

There are so many deep woodlands in this vicinity, so many small lakes and ponds, ravines and other hiding places, that at night there are small chances of finding anyone who would take pains to hide and remain perfectly quiet.

At last the searchers decided that there was no chance of finding the men in the darkness, and the hunt stopped. The members of the party were told to be at the Hackett house, ready to resume the search at daylight, and the officers are confident that the men will be caught before noon.

$30,000 BREACH OF PROMISE SUIT TAKES BROOKLINE BY SURPRISE

Supposed Wife of Beacon Street Man Plaintiff—Legal Wife Dead But a Month.

Quarrell as to Ownership of Furniture Where Both Lived Also Before Court.

All Brookline is talking of the $30,000 breach of promise suit brought by Miss Esther B. Freeman against William K. Otis, well known in Brookline society and Boston business circles.

Miss Freeman and Mr. Otis have both lived at No. 1,477 Beacon street, Brookline, of late. Mr. Otis had a wife who lived in Somerville for the past few years, and who died a month ago. The fact that Mrs. Otis, who died in Somerville, was the legal wife of William K. Otis of Brookline was not generally known until the news came out by the filing of Miss Freeman's suit. It was the impression of the neighbors of Mr. Otis and Brookline people generally that Miss Freeman was Otis's wife.

In her bill of complaint Miss Freeman sets forth that she met Otis two years ago and that they became close friends. About September 1904 Otis rented the apartments at No. 1477 Beacon street and went there to live. Miss Freeman also went to the same building to live. Mr. Otis and Miss Freeman entertained considerably.

The breach of promise suit is not the only matter over which Miss Freeman and Mr. Otis are disagreeing. They are having a quarrel over the possession of the beautiful furniture which adorns the apartments at No. 1477 Beacon street and the case has already been taken to the courts.

It is valued at $1,500. Miss Freeman claims her money paid for it and Mr. Otis says it belongs to him. Otis has secured a temporary injunction from Judge Lowell in the Norfolk Superior Court, restraining Miss Freeman from selling the property and a hearing has been set for next Monday.

The breach of promise suit will come up before the Norfolk Superior Court in December, the first Monday in September. Meanwhile Mr. Otis is away on his yacht and Miss Freeman is with friends in the country. The Beacon street flat is in the hands of caretakers.

William K. Otis is treasurer for Hoyt and Parker, a banking company at No. 100 Bedford street. He is about fifty years old and his counsel, H. L. Baker of No. 20 Court street, declares that Mr. Otis is determined to fight Miss Freeman to the end.

Miss Freeman is a handsome English blonde, twenty-four years old. She is of medium height and of unusually well proportioned figure. For some time she has been considered one of the best dressed women in Brookline. She has studied A. A. Highlands to look after her interests in her contests with Mr. Otis.

Miss Freeman has two sisters, Mrs. Richmond of No. 812 Beacon street, and an unmarried sister, who lives at No. 14 Concord square. Mrs. Richmond stands up for her sister in the present difficulties, and says she has been the victim of a hoax.

Miss ESTHER FREEMAN.

HACKETT IS OPEN-HANDED.

Levi Hackett has always lived in Readfield and always been a farmer. He is well known, a man of integrity and is especially known for his kindness. He has a reputation among tramps as being generous, and it is seldom, if ever, that he has turned a man away from his door who has asked for food.

Although not a wealthy man, he has always been in comfortable circumstances. His daughter, the murdered girl, was universally popular throughout this section of the county for her remarkable beauty. She was a girl of excellent character and beloved by everyone.

Four of the five tramps released from the Auburn jail this morning had walked thirty miles. There is no trace as yet of the fifth except they received, and it is not clear just where Brennan left the party.

They passed into Kent Mill, and from there to the Hackett farm, which is just over the Readfield line, two miles from the village proper.

Because it was dusk when the men called and because he was used to feeding tramps, Hackett paid little attention to these men, and young Jones was in such a condition of mental collapse that he could not at first give a good description of them. Later, however, he assisted in sending wire descriptions for an hour or so. Not finally this was corrected, nearly everyone of the searchers as first as they were seen were given a slight description of the three men.

HARRY JONES TELLS HIS STORY OF CRIME

READFIELD, Me., Aug. 18.—Here is the story told by young Jones and corrected, as far as it concerns what took place at the Hackett house, by Farmer Hackett:

By Harry Jones.

I was released from the Auburn jail, where I had been in a month for vagrancy. I have no home, but have been wandering about through this State looking for work.

When I stepped out of the jail into the office I was joined by four other men, some of them very old. I knew them in jail as Tom Gibbons, Jimmy Brannon, Richard Lowe and John McEachren.

I had never met these men before. We went into the jail. All of them, they said—and I had nothing but their word for it—had been sentenced for the same thing as myself, vagrancy. We struck out, undecided just where to go, but all of us planned as we struck into the country to try and get work.

Somewhere on the way—I do not know this part of the country very well—Brannon left us and the rest of us four went on.

About night time we struck the farmhouse and were so hungry we decided to ask for something to eat. I have never done anything criminal in my life, and I did not like the way those other three talked, but I thought little of it, other than when we got to Readfield I'd like to leave them. We had decided to strike for other places.

The farmer said he would feed us and he took his girl with him to the kitchen. The reason I went out there was that I thought I might strike a little first for a job. I didn't want to tramp around any more. He went into a shed to get something, and said something to me about the unusually cool weather.

I don't think we had been out there more than ten minutes before I heard a terrible shriek, which sounded right at the back door.

Hackett shouted to me, "What are they doing to Mattie?" and ran out. I followed him.

SAW MEN RUNNING.

I saw the others running down the road at a terrible rate of speed, and at the same time I saw Hackett go across the path not stop down. Then I saw the body of the daughter. I heard him groan and pick up the girl. I followed him into the house, where she acted like a crazy man and groaned that she was dead.

I never was so scared in my life. I couldn't do anything there, and I thought I would run to the nearest house and tell somebody, and I did. I was so frightened that I could hardly run, but finally I found a house and ran in and told a man that the farmer's daughter down the road had been killed and to get a doctor quick.

Then I rushed out to another house, and finally I came back, for I had nothing to run away for. That is absolutely all I know about the matter.

FALLS FOUR STORIES BUT IS UNHURT

Edward R. Hawkes, fourteen, of No. 19 Kendall street, Roxbury, fell four stories from the roof of the building at No. 19 Dilworth street, Roxbury, to the street, and received no other injury than slight contusions of the back and a bruised right foot. The boy was flying a kite from the roof and stepped over the edge.

STREET ROAD MEN REFUSED MORE PAY

NEW HAVEN, Ct., Aug. 18.—The Consolidated Street Railway Company has refused the demand of the Trolley men's Union for an increase of pay from twenty-two to twenty-five cents an hour and for a readjustment of the overtime system. The union is considering its reply.

GIRL WHO ASKS $30,000 FOR BROKEN TROTH.

The accompanying pictures are from two photographs of Miss Freeman, whose suit for breach of promise has taken Brookline by surprise.

USE HUSBAND'S GUN TO STOP FAST BURGLAR

Housebreaker Rounded Up When Posse of Men Joins Woman in Chase.

APPEARS BEFORE JUDGE

In the Concord Police Court to-day Mrs. Thomas Grafton appeared and made a complaint of breaking and entering against a young man whom she surprised in her house and followed him with her husband's gun, which was utilized in compelling the surrender of the fugitive after he had been located by a number of men and the woman in a clump of bushes.

The prisoner gave the name of William Smith, but he is also known as Frank Hiers. He is the same man, the police declare, who was arrested and convicted a year ago of the larceny of a gold watch from the home of Daniel M. Mead of North Lexington. He was discharged recently, according to the police, from the Concord reformatory.

The citations live on Bow street, East Lexington. Mrs. Grafton, returning home yesterday afternoon, saw a man standing in the kitchen. She saw at a glance that he was a stranger. Facing him boldly she asked:

"What do you want here?"

"I am looking for my wife!" replied the man who had apparently been reading the story of the Evans shooting in Somerville.

Then the man made a dash at the woman, gave her a push and escaped.

Mrs. Grafton got down her husband's gun and gave chase. The aldern was quickly given and a number of men joined her. They finally located the intruder in the Great Meadows and brought him to bay in a clump of bushes. Mrs. Grafton handed her gun to William G. Elliot, who pointed it at the man. He surrendered.

In gaining entrance to the house Smith had smashed in a window, sash and all, with an axe.

BAY STATE MEN WIN VETS' PLAYOUT

MANCHESTER, N. H., Aug. 18.—The New England Veteran Firemen held their annual playout here. There were thirty-two tubs in the street parade, twenty-nine of which competed.

No records were broken, as a breeze either blew across the stream or directly against the tubs. The Alabama Com company of Stoughton, Mass., won the first prize, playing 265 feet. The Hancock of Brockton, Mass., was second, and the Protector, of the same city, was third.

SEARCHLIGHT OF ALMIGHTY ON EQUITABLE.

Dr. G. Campbell Morgan Praises Lawson for Attack on "The System."

EAST NORTHFIELD, Aug. 18.—In his lecture on "Exodus" at the general conference for christian workers, Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, a leader of the nonconformists in England, gave a scathing lecture against American business methods, and joined hands with Thomas W. Lawson in opposing "The System."

He said that the recent wrong doings which had been brought to light in the Equitable Society may have been shown up by men, but that "the Almighty had turned His searchlight upon the whole system."

He also referred to the "positive resistence" tactics of his party in England and added that when rulers in any time or any place are shown not to be honest, to refused to recognize their authority.

Dr. Morgan also took a fling at the American people, saying: "Faith founded the first great city on the plains of Asia, the Assyrian empire by the Tigris, the latest great city of the world on the coast of the Atlantic. Faith founded the first city, and Heaven."

He also said that the present concentration of population in our big cities was a God-directed movement to found a city on this earth with the civic code of a city in glory." Applause of his party in England and America.

ARCTIC RESCUERS SAIL FOR LONDON

BERGEN, Norway, Aug. 18. The Arctic steamship Terra Nova, which, under command of William R. Scott, secretary of the late William Ziegler, rescued Anthony Fiala of Brooklyn, N. Y., and the other members of the Ziegler polar expedition, has sailed for London.

KELLEY SUSPENDED.

WOBURN, Aug. 18.—Mayor Reade has suspended Highway Commissioner James E. Kelley for ten days because he refused to discharge 125 of the 208 men employed by the city in his department, and has instructed Superintendent Martin to discharge 100 men on Monday. The Mayor says that the city's money is giving out.

BIG BLAZE IN BOSTON

Fire in the Building Occupied by Hotel Supply Co.

Fire in the building occupied by the Hotel Supply Co. at No. 10 Lincoln street, Boston, caused a loss of $10,000 this morning. The fire started in the basement and spread to the upper floors. The building is owned by Mrs. Mary Ann Hall.

Preliminary

Opening Notice

Next Monday we will open the first floor of our magnificent

New Building which we have been more than a year in constructing.

This New Addition, built on the site of the Old Congregational property, gives us an increased selling space of 90% over our present store.

The Entire First Floor will be devoted to

Silks Dress and Velvets Dry Goods

And we particularly request the Boston public to

Watch Next Sunday's Papers

For the greatest values ever announced to Boston purchasers.

Houghton & Dutton

Winter Overcoats IN AUGUST

F. GRAY CO. will sell on Today and Saturday 3,000 Winter Overcoats that will open the money bags of every level headed man in Boston. Cheviots, Meltons, Kerseys, Venetians and Friezes, elaborately trimmed, silk, satin and cloth lined. Every shape, Long Belt Overcoat, Ulsters and Newmarkets, worth later $18.00 to $30, Friday choice of every Overcoat in the store—

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ANYONE RETURNING THEIR OVERCOAT AS UNSATISFACTORY ON MONDAY WILL RECEIVE $8.25 for every $7.90 Overcoat purchased Friday and Saturday. See big windows. Think it over.

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Kidney and Liver Diseases, Rheumatism, Sick Headache, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Catarrh, Indigestion, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Dyapepsia, Constipation 13,500,000 people were treated in 1904. 25c. All druggists.

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NEW ENGLAND NEWSPAPER PUBLISHING CO.

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ATTEMPT BEING MADE TO-DAY TO INDENTIFY MARSH AS "DOVE" IN AUTO MURDER CASE

10 P.M. NOV 18 TO 1 A.M. NOV 19
MARSH, STOKES AND GIRLS RIDING IN LINCOLN AND JACKSON PARKS AND ON BOULEVARD
12.30 A.M. NOV 19
TWO SHOTS WERE HEARD KILLED BATE 31 MILES FROM CHICAGO, HEARD
2 A.M. NOV. 19. MARSH AND PARTY RETURN TO GARAGE WITH AUTO
GARAGE
9 P.M. "DE DOVE" PHONED FOR AUTO—BATE RESPONDED
8 P.M. MARSH MET STOKES AND THEY TOOK TWO GIRLS TO RIDE
3—4 AND SAM NOV 19
TIME UNACCOUNTED FOR BY MARSH—HE SAYS HE WAS ASLEEP IN A HOTEL
7 P.M. NOV 18. MARSH AND BATE HAVE DINNER TOGETHER
6 A.M. NOV 19
BATE FOUND MURDERED IN AUTO NEAR LEMONT

WHAT OCCURRED ON NIGHT OF NOV. 18, 1904, WHEN BATE WAS MURDERED IN HIS AUTO.

The half-tones represent scenes in which the mysterious "Mr. Dove" figured on the fatal night. The outline pictures represent scenes in George L. Marsh's account of how he spent the night with friends.

First Test Came When Three Men Who Saw the Supposed Slayer Visited Accused.

Continued from 1st Page.

here to-day, I am not going to say a word about the tests."

The party, which was accompanied by City Marshal Boyden of Brockton, arrived at the jail at an early hour to-day. They were not accompanied by E. H. Lindsey, about whose presence there has been much speculation. Detective Sheehan says that Lindsey is simply a friend of the Bate family. He remained in Brockton.

Detective Sheehan's party reached Brockton at 6 o'clock last night, and at once talked over the case with City Marshal Boyden.

A BOSTON AMERICAN reporter saw Sheehan at the marshal's office. Inspector Sheehan said:

Officers Are Tired.

"We have ridden a long way and are pretty well tired out. Your papers have threshed out the case pretty well and I don't know as there are many new things in it. We shall go to Plymouth and visit the prisoner a quickly as expedient. Of course the details of the trip are left with Marshal Boyden, who may accompany us to the jail."

The three witnesses said that they had enjoyed the trip first.

"Yes," said Stertz, "the papers have pretty well covered our journey and its purpose; you will have to excuse us from talking because we have been asked to keep silent until after investigation."

Lindsey is the tallest member of the party, straight and stalwart. Starin is of medium size. Starin is a supple, clean cut lad outripping build. They are about twenty-four years of age each. Inspector Sheehan also wears a mustache.

George H. Marsh, father of the accused, visited the police station and met the members of the Chicago party, but had little to say. He said to a BOSTON AMERICAN reporter:

"I have been down to Plymouth to see my son. I heard the Chicago party might go through to Plymouth and attended the shanghai the boy out of the State. Sheriff Purtell, however, assured me that the lad would not be removed without due process. I learned that a man had gained access to my son's cell and advised him to go back to Chicago without requisition, and I gave orders that none should see him unless accompanied by me.

Will Go With Son.

"The only person to see my boy since his arrest with my consent was a BOSTON AMERICAN reporter. That paper has given the only real story of the affair from the beginning.

"Should they succeed in dragging my son to Chicago I suppose I will go, too. I have been a sea captain and been all over the world and am at home anywhere.

"I will stick to my boy throughout and so will my family. My family is a unit. It stands together upon everything that interests it and is more than firm in this case. Of one thing I am satisfied, they have not yet secured requisition papers, and if my boy is identified it will take from one to two weeks to get the papers.

"Meanwhile the boy is cramped up in a cell. It was expressly ordered by his physician that he walk as much as possible. Perhaps they will let him out into the corridor when the doctor explains to the Sheriff. My wife and I worry more about our son's physical condition than about the charge now hanging over him.

"Very few really understand the happy go-lucky nature of my son. He is fully under all circumstances and was joking with his keepers when I called at Plymouth jail to-day.

"One day we missed him, some years ago, and didn't hear from him for months; then he turned up at the house and laughed at us while relating his trip to England as a cattle ship, his experiences over there and his return. We never were astonished at his latest and he was always interesting.

"I shall call on the Governor and assist him to examine rightly any papers presented and all attempts to take my son out of the State.

"Certainly I shall be at Plymouth when the officers arrive, and I shall instruct my boy not to answer any questions unless I am present."

The AMERICAN has information that seems reliable that among the things to be presented to Governor Douglas in the petition for a requisition is the allegation that George L. Marsh was actually seen in the automobile with Willie Bate on the fatal night. Questioned on this point Inspector Sheehan refused to say whether the two were seen together early in the evening, when Marsh was supposed to be riding with Stokes, Miss Egan and another, or after the party returned, which would be later than two o'clock in the morning.

The Chicago party decided to stay in Brockton over night, and Marshal Boyden and Detective Sheehan held a second conference after supper. It was hinted that the statements made by the Chicago party had considerable effect upon Marshal Boyden, who will go to Plymouth in a quite different light afterward. It was, however, admitted that the identification was of first importance.

MOTHER WORRIES MORE THAN OTHERS OF MARSH FAMILY

Mrs. Cashda Marsh, mother of George L. Marsh, the automobile murder suspect,

Chicago Detective Arrives in Brockton and Calls on Prisoner in Plymouth Jail.

more than any other member of the family shows the effect of worry and sleeplessness. In spite of her strong will and unflinching confidence in her son the situation is wearing upon her. As the time drew near for the arrival of the Chicago party her mother nature asserted itself until every expressed thought bore upon the possible parting from her boy.

She fears first for her son's health; the fear, that however innocent, he will be hounded and unjustly treated by the police. She fears that the police influence will be irresistible and that the Chicagoans will swear away the precious life of her favorite son.

"And he was my favorite," she said to a BOSTON AMERICAN reporter, "because he treated everyone so well and was so lighthearted.

"Why, when he knew the officers were coming he came to us in the kitchen and said, 'Mamma, do you suppose, they are after me for the murder of Willie Bate. Well, it will be a free trip for me to Chicago. I have nothing to fear and have a lot of good friends out there who will be glad to see me. Besides, it is a joke.'

"My son, Townsend, answered in kind, saying: 'Who wouldn't think it a joke to be accused of murder, you who never drowned a kitten in your life.'

"Why, Bennett—I always called him Bennett—never so much as struck anyone in his life. If he were a rough fellow it would be something to think of. He was never in a row.

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which illustrates in their daintiness the real significance of Necco Sweets. Delicate in flavor, rich in quality, they possess a subtle charm at once refreshing and delighting. If you would know the flavor of the best confections made, get a box of Lenox Chocolates and prove the wisdom of buying candy bearing the Seal of Necco Sweets. For sale by Confectioners and Druggists everywhere.

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Amalgamated	86	86
Am. Ag. Ch.	24⅝	24⅝
Am. Agricultural	90	90
American Pneumatic	2	2
American Woolen	30½	30
American Woolen pfd.	90	90
Atlantic	18	18
Consolidated Mercur	1	1
Copper Range	69	69
Dominion Coal	70	70
Mass. Electric	30½	30½
Mass. Gas	93½	93½
Mass. Gas pfd.	95½	95½
North Butte	35½	35½
Old Colony	200	200
Quincy	75	75
Tecumseh	2	2
United States Steel	37½	37½
United States Steel pfd.	105½	105½
U. S. Mining	32½	32½
Union Pacific	102	102
Utah	42	42
Winona	4	4
West. End	97½	97½

NEW YORK STOCKS.

	Opening.	11 a. m.
Amn. Copper	69⅝	69⅝
Amer. Loco	37⅞	37⅞
Anaconda	47½	47½
Atchison	76⅝	76⅝
Baltimore & Ohio	113⅞	113⅞
Brooklyn Transit	71⅝	71⅝
Canadian Pacific	159½	159½
Chesapeake	39	39
Chicago, Great West.	20½	20½
Chic., Mil. & Pac.	173	173
Colo. Fuel & Iron	47⅝	47⅝
Erie	37	37
Erie 1st pfd.	75½	75½
Louisville & Nashville	126½	126½
Metropolitan	146½	146½
Mexican Central	24⅞	24⅞
Missouri Pacific	104½	104½
New York Central	156⅛	156⅛
Norfolk & Western	54⅝	54⅝
Northern Pacific	207	207
Pennsylvania	140⅝	140⅝
Reading	112⅜	112⅜
Rock Island	34½	34½
Southern Pacific	69⅝	69⅝
St. Paul	180⅝	180⅝
Texas Pacific	32½	32½
Union Pacific	136⅝	136⅝
U. S. Steel	37½	37½
U. S. Steel pfd.	107⅝	107⅝
Wisconsin Central	29⅝	29⅝
Wisconsin Central pfd.	68½	68½
Western Union	94⅝	94⅝

LAWSON WILL "ILLUMINATE" COPPER RANGE

Papers in Paine's $7,000,000 Suit in Financial War to Be Filed To-day.

ALLEGATIONS OF FRAUD

State street's $7,000,000 war over Copper Range goes forward another step to-day when papers in the great suit brought by Paine, Webber & Co. against Albert C. Burrage, Thomas W. Lawson and others will be served. Incidentally Mr. Lawson, who is accused in the suits of having assisted Burrage in fraudulently converting 70,000 shares of Copper Range, promises a statement which will illuminate the situation somewhat.

The suit is brought primarily by William A. Paine, and is split into several sections. The principal suit is an effort to make Mr. Burrage either return the 70,000 shares of Copper Range which he is alleged to have fraudulently used or to make good their market value, this amounting to $3,000,000. Another is a suit on a note against him for $540,000, alleged to be due on the stock to Mr. Paine.

The basis of the suit is the now famous agreement made in 1903, at the time the Trimountain was absorbed by Copper Range. By this agreement, Mr. Paine alleges, Burrage pledged himself to hold the 70,000 shares of Copper Range for three years. Instead he sold this stock, withdrew it from the vaults where it was supposed to lie for at least another year and turned it loose on the market to the great financial loss of Paine, Webber & Co., according to the allegations.

15 Other Defendants.

Joined as defendants in the suit are Charles D. Burrage, Henry L. Burrage, the Eliot National Bank, Hayden, Stone & Co., Hooley, Learned & Co., Hornblower & Weeks, Joseph E. Hall & Co., Tower & Underwood, Loring, Tolman & Tupper, Allen Arnold & Co., Pettigrew, Bright & Co., Towle & Fitzgerald, Brown, Riley & Co., and the Provident Institution for Savings of Amesbury.

The defendants, with the exception of A. C. Burrage, Thomas W. Lawson and Charles D. Burrage, are not charged with fraudulent or unlawful acts, but the complainants say that these other defendants be enjoined from turning over to Burrage or Lawson any money or stock in their possession in which Burrage or Lawson may have any interest.

In the wording of the complaint which alleges conspiracy, Mr. Lawson's connection with the matter is declared to be as follows:

"Lawson, pursuant to such conspiracy and confederation, counselled, joined with, directed, instigated and assisted said Burrage in the fraudulent and unlawful conversion of your complainant's 70,000 shares, or portions thereof; that the said Burrage either paid or caused or allowed to be paid to said Lawson large amounts of money, the amount thereof being unknown to your complainants, all of which was received by Lawson with full knowledge that the sale had been realized from the fraudulent and unlawful conversion, removal or transfer of your complainants' 70,000 shares or portions thereof."

Depressed Market Value.

The bill says further "that the fraudulent acts of said Burrage have greatly depressed the market value of all the shares in said company so that the market value of said shares does not represent their full fair value."

The complaint states that the defendants other than Albert C. Burrage, Lawson and Charles D. Burrage were not parties to the fraudulent or unlawful acts, but had acted in good faith and without knowledge of the right of the complainants. That such shares as are now in possession of these defendants were placed or caused to be placed in their names, possession or control by the defendants Albert C. Burrage, Lawson or Charles D. Burrage, or others acting for them subject to the amount of the loans advanced thereon; but that Albert C. Burrage, either in his own name or the names of his agents, has a valuable equity in such shares over and above the amounts due to them thereon, which equity properly belongs to the complainants.

They All Come Back For

"20th Century Soap"

FOR HARDWOOD FLOORS

When Once Used. It is the Peer of all Cleaning Soaps.

It contains no lye and is absolutely non-injurious.

For carpets, rugs, furniture, curtains, dainty draperies, window glass, dish washing, as well as for scrubbing and all the rough work—or anything that water will not injure. It not only cleans, but brightens and improves everything washed with it.

Lightens labor and is pleasant to use, as it does not injure the hands, but keeps them soft and white.

It is a woman's ablest assistant during housecleaning time.

ALL DEALERS — 10 CENTS

Absolutely Pure. No Lye

HOFFHEIMER SOAP CO. CHICAGO

TRADE SUPPLIED BY

J. G. TAYLOR, BROAD EXCHANGE, BOSTON

JORDAN MARSH CO.

These Are Money-Saving Days in

The Men's Clothing Section

A Stirring Clearance Sale of

Outing Clothing of Every Kind — Street Floor—Rear.

Remainder of the Chipman Bros. Stock

Remainder of the Lombard & Co. Stock

Remainder of Our Own Regular Stock

These Prices Speak for Themselves

At 4.50 A fine lot of Homespun and Wool Crash Outing Suits that have been 7.50 to 10.00.

At 8.50 Homespun and Flannel Outing Suits, with long up to date single and double breasted coats that have been 12.00 to 15.00.

At 12.50 High grade Worsted and Wool Crash Outing Suits, full of style and splendid wearing. Rogers, Peet & Co.'s make that have been 18.00 to 22.00.

Outing Trousers	Summer Vests
2.50 to 3.00 grades at....1.95	1.25 to 2.00 grades at....85c
3.50 to 4.50 grades at....2.95	2.00 to 3.00 grades at....1.45
5.00 to 6.00 grades at....3.95	3.00 to 4.50 grades at....1.95
100 odd pairs that were 2.00 to 2.95 now.....1.50	Only about 200 in all; some slightly soiled.

Two Special Values in

Men's Half Hose and Underwear

Thin and cool for wearing from now until October—priced to interest the man whose supply needs replenishing. Street Floor—Summer St. Side.

Black Cotton Half Hose

Plain and unbleached split soles, high spliced heels; imported to sell at 25c a pair. For this sale.....19c

3 Pairs for 50c

Jersey Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers

Finished with pearl buttons; drawers have large double seat; always sold at 50c each. For this sale.....37½c

Clearance of Men's Straw Hats

Let a bright, new straw replace the dingy one—very little money is called for in doing it here. Street Floor—Rear.

Every Straw Hat in our stock, including many 2.50 and 3.00 Split Straws and Sennits, marked way down for quick selling. Two lots..... 50c and 75c

Our Lowest Price of the Year On

Men's and Boys' Tan Shoes

It's time to close them out—and quickly at that. They'll go with a rush—be prompt if you'd like a pair or two. Second Floor—Summer St. Side.

Men's 3.00 Tan Oxfords, Goodyear welted, wide and narrow toes, full range of sizes and widths..
Boys' 2.00 Tan Oxfords, stitched soles, medium and full toes, good selection of sizes.....
} 1.00 a Pair

Also 150 Pairs Men's 5.00 and 6.00 Tan Oxfords in newest shapes and finest leathers, at, a pair.....2.50

OUR GREAT August Furniture Sale

Home Furnishing Annex.

An Unprecedented Value-Giving and Money-Saving Opportunity of Supreme Importance to Every New England Household

Thousands of High-Class Pieces ON WHICH PRICES ARE 25% TO 50% LESS THAN REGULAR.

A Safety for a Dollar

The Christy Hoe Razor

Street Floor—Front.

The lowest price and the best Safety Razor on the market.

Everyone Interested in Motor Cars or Motor Boats

SHOULD SECURE A CURRENT NUMBER OF

MOTOR

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE OF MOTORING

For Sale at All Newsstands

25c. the Copy

MOTOR, 1789 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

MASSACHUSETTS HEADQUARTERS FOR RACE SUICIDE. WHY IS IT?

Parents Are to Blame, Says Miss Floretta Vining, a Spinster, 50 Years Old.

Miss Floretta Vining of Hull, who is about fifty years of age, a eminent member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and is noted as one of the brightest business women, says in regard to Massachusetts and the race suicide question:

"If a woman does not marry young enough she will not marry at all. She should marry before she is twenty or she is not likely to take the chances.

"One of the troubles of the Massachusetts fathers and mothers is that they think their children should marry above their station. A man who is making a good living as a carpenter talks with his wife about the future prospects of their daughter and they make up their minds that she should marry a lawyer or some professional man, who must be in love with a man who would make her a good husband but has to defer to the wishes of her parents.

It is never possible for the children to satisfy their parents in the matter of marriage, and so if necessary, I believe

MISS FLORETTA VINING.

for the future welfare of the old Commonwealth to elope. I certainly approve of it.

"I had a great plenty of opportunities to get married when I was a girl, and wanted to do so. I would have done so but my father objected to the men selected. I was always obedient and so minded what my father said. I have now had more experience, and with this additional knowledge of the world I believe it would have been better for me to have run away and got married.

The Massachusetts girls ought to get married and eight to have children. And more than that they ought to go to housekeeping at once. You can't improve on the old-fashioned idea. If they go to housekeeping then they have a home. That is the right way to begin and then when the children come they have a home. My hobby is in the home life."

Fewer Children Here in Proportion to Women Than in Any Other State.

What is the matter with Massachusetts?

What ails the women and mothers of the old Bay State?

Census figures just given out show that the proportion of children in Massachusetts to the women of child-bearing age is the smallest of any State in the Union.

The District of Columbia has a slightly smaller proportion of children than Massachusetts, but in the District of Columbia conditions are peculiar. The District of Columbia is merely a temporary abiding place, not a region of homes, like Massachusetts.

There can be but one conclusion from the census figures—Massachusetts is headquarters for race suicide.

Here is what the Census Bureau has to say about it:

"By taking the proportion of children to women of child-bearing age we are able to get a more satisfactory index of the movement of the birth rate. Between 1850 and 1860, the earliest decade for which figures can be obtained, this proportion increased. But since 1860 it has decreased without interruption. The decrease has been very unequal from decade to decade, but if twenty-year periods are considered it has been very regular. In 1860 the number of children under five years of age to 1,000 women fifteen to forty-nine years of age was 634, in 1900 it was only 474. In other words, the proportion of children to potential mothers in 1900 was only three-fourths as large as in 1860. In 1900 the smallest proportion of children was in the District of Columbia, where the number of children under five was hardly more than one-fourth the number of women of child bearing age. The next smallest proportion was that for Massachusetts, where it was slightly more than one-third. The largest proportion was in North Dakota and Indian Territory, in each of which it was two-thirds.

The two States with the largest proportion of increase of children in 1900 were North Dakota and Indian Territory; the two States with the smallest were District of Columbia and Massachusetts. That is, proportion to the number of women of child bearing age, there were twice as many children in North Dakota as there were in Massachusetts.

FREE TICKETS TO LEXINGTON PARK SUNDAY

Cut Them Out of Sunday American and Enjoy Pleasures of Beautiful Resort.

ALONG HISTORIC ROUTE

In next Sunday's BOSTON AMERICAN five tickets will be printed for admission to the famous Lexington Park, Lexington, good for next Monday, Tuesday of Wednesday, August 21, 22 or 23.

Follow the flag marked "L."

That is the watchword of the traveler to Lexington Park. Take any trolley marked "Arlington Heights" and then, follow the "L" flag.

"L," it might be stated, stands for Lexington.

The ride to Lexington Park is one of the most historic in the country. It takes you through Revolutionary scenes that are now sacred to every loyal American.

At the park there is a variety of entertainment. The Zoological Gardens interest old and young. There are band concerts afternoon and evening by a ladies' orchestra. Roller skating, the athletic field, the rustic theatre, with first-class dramatic entertainment, are some of the excellent features of Lexington Park.

Get all your free admission tickets from the BOSTON SUNDAY AMERICAN and enjoy a day at Lexington Park.

FATHER OF TIMOTHY W. COAKLEY DEAD

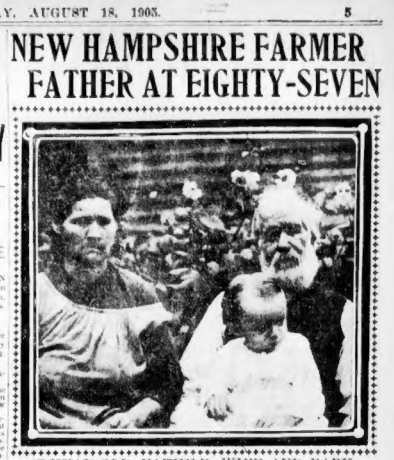
One of the best known residents of the Belmont district, Timothy Coakley, father of lawyer Timothy W. Coakley, for many years a citizen of Cambridge, is dead at the age of eighty-three years, of heart failure. Mr. Coakley was born in Dunmanway, County Cork, Ireland. He came to Boston as an outgrant lad in 1847, and for many years was engaged in the teaming and express business in the old Quincy market. His wife and seven of their thirteen children survive him.

The funeral will take place at his residence, No. 52 Parsons street, Brighton, on Saturday, at 9:30 a. m. Service will be held at St. Columbkille Church.

BOSTON MAN DROWNS.

SALISBURY BEACH, Aug. 18.—L. H. Lawrence, head of the mains department of the Boston Gas Light Company, was drowned here while in bathing.

NEW HAMPSHIRE FARMER FATHER AT EIGHTY-SEVEN



87-YEAR-OLD FATHER, WIFE AND BABY.

Always Eats Plain Food and Follows Rule of Early to Bed and Early to Rise—Wife Is 39.

Special to the Boston American.

ACWORTH, N. H., Aug. 18.—The talk of anti-race suicide is receiving a new turn in this town since the birth of a baby boy to Ephraim Wright, aged eighty-seven, and Mrs. Nellie Wright, his wife, aged thirty-nine.

The couple have been married thirteen years and their baby boy, Raymond Alfred, is a hearty, happy youngster, even though he is nearly eighty-six years younger than his father.

Mr. Wright, the father, is a hale and healthy man. He says:

"I have always eaten good plain food, potatoes, codfish, salt pork, corn cake and plenty of eggs and milk. I have always retired early and got up early. I have always been a farmer, therefore I have spent most of my time out of doors. Plenty of good air does a lot of good to a fellow."

CAUCUS CALLS FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY

The Republican state committee will hold a special meeting at its headquarters at 1 p. m. to issue a supplementary call to cover the caucuses for nomination for candidates for district attorney of Suffolk county. District Attorney Stevens resigned after the original caucus calls were sent, as District Attorney Sorhoe is success, as District Attorney Sorhoe is succeeding him only by appointment to fill out the term.

ROUSED IN HIS OWN HOUSE AS BOLD BURGLAR

Harry Bullard, Prominent Harvard Man, Taken for Midnight Intruder by Police.

POSSE RAIDS PREMISES

Harry Bullard, the prominent Harvard graduate, now connected with a State street banking house, wishes it distinctly understood that he is no burglar.

Lightly clad in pajamas and a blanket, with his bare tootsies clinging to the cold floor of his own front doorway on Marlboro street, he elucidated this fact to six husky cops of the Back Bay police station who were going to arrest him as a burglar.

A Marlboro street cop was told that a "strange man" had been seen entering the residence of Mrs. John Richards Bullard, whose family is supposed to be away for the Summer. The cop flew to his signal box and called up "Sixteen."

A Burglar Alarm.

"Say, lieutenant, there's a burglar in Bullard's."

Five of the nerviest cops at "Sixteen" came down on the run. The total squad of six advanced in open order and surrounded Bullard's. They found no footprints in the garden. No one had been jimmying the window or doors. Nothing doing.

The cops sleuthed about the premises for an hour, then took their lives in one hand, their revolvers in the other and rang the bell. Ting-a-ling, said the bell when it rang again. More silence.

Finally the biggest cop took hold of the bell and pulled, with all the vehemence Mark Twain used when he besought the engineer to "back the immortal soul out of her."

Appeared in Night Garb.

There was a pattering of feet in the hallway. The door opened a bit and displayed to the confused officers the form of one Harry Bullard in his chaste night garments.

Mr. Bullard, shielding himself behind the door from the profane gaze of the cops, explained that he had been detained in town over night, and that he saw no objection to his sleeping in his own house.

There was no argument.

NO MISHAPS IN 1500-MILE TOUR

A Shepherdson and wife of Melrose have just completed a trip of 1,500 miles through the Eastern States in a seven horsepower automobile, without having a single accident. Autoists consider the experience of the couple most remarkable and speak volumes for the ability of Mr. Shepherdson as an autoist and for the qualities of the machine he operated.

The couple travelled from Melrose to Worcester and Springfield, thence to New York, Jersey City, Newark and Hackettstown, through Delaware Water Gap to Scranton. They went along the Susquehanna and through the Lehigh Valley to Reading, to Perth Amboy, they crossed to Staten Island, back to New York and Boston.

The engine required a gallon and a half of oil, and about seven gallons of gasoline were used daily. Not a single accident occurred, although the machine went through all kinds of roads under varying weather conditions.

UNKNOWN BEATS GOLF CHAMPION

NEWPORT, Aug. 18.—Mrs. E. S. Rawson, unknown as a golfer before the women's tournament, which has begun here, gave golfers the surprise of their lives by defeating Miss Anna Sands, the champion. Mrs. Rawson played an excellent game, and was roundly congratulated by her friends.

Miss Eleanor Sears defeated Miss Helen Feaver, Miss Ruth Twombly, a niece of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt was defeated by Miss Mata Jones in the singles. Miss Sands and Miss Twombly defeated Miss Ernest Sears and Miss Ruth Morgan in the doubles, and Miss Wetmore and Miss Brue defeated Mrs. E. V. R. Thayer and Mrs. Whitehouse.

SAY ENGLAND AND GERMANY NEAR A BREAK

Chancellor and Kaiser In Hasty Conference and Alarming Reports Are Out.

DURAND DISCREDITS IT

BERLIN, Aug. 18.—High officials of the government report that Prince von Bulow, the imperial chancellor, has hurriedly left Nordeney, where he was spending his vacation, to see Emperor William at the castle of Wilhelmshohe. Dr. von Muehlberg, under secretary of the foreign office, who left Berlin for a vacation several weeks, was suddenly recalled to join the chancellor.

The reason for these movements is in mystery, but it is known that the relations between Great Britain and Germany have recently been on the point of breaking to an alarming extent not known to the public.

Precisely what happened has not been learned, but a serious situation existed, and it is understood, it has not yet been disolpated. The British government appears to hold the conviction that the German Emperor is seeking to form a European combination against Great Britain.

PITTSFIELD, Aug. 18.—The British Ambassador, Sir Henry Mortimer Durand, indicated his belief that there was no truth in the statement that the British government was basing the conviction that the German Emperor was seeking to form a combination against England.

DROVE IN STYLE TO LOOT WAGONS

John J. McAuliffe, aged twenty-two, was arrested and locked up on the charge of stealing packages from express wagons on the streets. His capture was sensational. Expressmen have long complained that valuable packages were stolen in transit, but detectives could obtain no clue. On August 15 a driver caught two men in a handsome buggy in the act of lifting a $125 package of cigars out of his wagon, and although they escaped he got a good look at them.

Yesterday afternoon he saw them in Chatham street and started after them. They deserted their buggy. Patrolman Hyland joined in the chase. Dodging horses, wagons and men, he followed McAuliffe into No. 6 Merchants row, then up three flights of stairs, where he overpowered him.

He took his prisoner to the Court square station in the deserted buggy, which turned out to be the property of a Dorchester liveryman, who says that McAuliffe has hired a team from him almost every day for a year or more.

FIREMEN FIGHT AS HOUSES BURN

The flames were devouring five Summer cottages at Hough's Neck, and the entire fire department of the place, composed of Firemen Garbarino and Cook, was valiantly fighting the flames, while the cottagers were doing what they could to help them.

"Play the hose over here," yelled one of the department.

"No, play it over here, so the other cottages won't catch," said the other.

"I tell you we want to put the fire out here," excitedly cried the first speaker.

"I'll tell you the fire here, save the other

Meanwhile the cottages of James F. Parnx of Hyde Park, owned by H. F. Dwaye of Brockton, the Centreville cottage on Sea street, the Blanch cottage, the Acorn cottage and the Philbilio cottage were blazing, and before the fight stopped the Burnt and Centreville cottages were destroyed. Volunteers sent a hurry call to the Quincy Fire Department, and when it arrived saved the other cottages from destruction, although they were badly damaged.

The Hough's Neck Fire Department was also badly damaged.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

$3 Fancy Vests at $1.48

Here's as good a purchase as we have ever made—The entire stock of one of the most prominent vest makers, consisting of imported washable fabrics and silk mixed dressy waistcoats—Many of these wholesale for double the price we now ask for them.

VORENBERG'S

Washington, Hanover and Elm Sts.

$1.50 Shirts, Griffon Brand 89c

The famous Griffon Shirt is too well known to need any comment. Our purchase of 3,000 dozen in 75 beautiful patterns goes down as the biggest and best shirt deal of the season. The price we are selling them at is less than these shirts cost the man who made them.

Slices off the Prices

Last of the Sheinwald suits—the final cut—broken lines, of course—all sizes, but not in all patterns—you have one chance left to get the greatest suit bargains ever offered in Boston—That chance is here *now*—Missing it means a loss to you—Grasping it makes one dollar do the work of two.

$15 Suits, Were $9.70, now **$8.60**

Hand-tailored suits that were considered the strongest $15 values ever offered in Boston—At $9.70 they were record-breaking bargains. Now they're $8.60!

$18 Suits, Were $11.65, now **$9.70**

When we offered these $18 suits at $11.65 they not only created sensation, but the most enthusiastic buying ever recorded in Boston—Final price cut brings them to you at $9.70.

$10 Suits $5.75

The cost of the cloth and the trimmings on these suits was a little over $6. Add the price of making and (under other circumstances) the retailers' profit, and you can imagine your saving when we are offering them at $5.75.

Outing Suits

With six weeks of outing suit weather to come, the fact that we have reduced many of our high-priced outing suits for clearing to this price needs no further comment—All sizes and many pretty styles.

$4.85

$12 Suits $7.45

Snappy business suits—many of them in medium weights, suitable for fall wear. BLUE SERGES that any merchant would feel proud to sell for $12. Sheinwald's failure enables us to offer them to you at $7.45.

Trousers Marked Down

$3 Trousers—the wear-like-iron kind—suitable for the heaviest usage—yet having neat and dressy effect—now reduced to $2..... **$2**

$4 Trousers—they're worsteds—and mighty pretty ones—They're stylish—they're well made—and they'll give splendid satisfaction—We have cut the price of them down to $3... **$3**

$6 Trousers—If you pay $6 for these trousers you will be getting as good a value as it is possible for any merchant to give—Our annual trouser sale brings them to you at $4..... **$4**

$7 and $8 was our regular price for these beautiful trousers—There's not a store in the country that can equal them at that price—dressy, exclusive patterns, and they are the best pair of pants that money can buy—Now marked down to $5..... **$5**

Outing Trousers

Scotches, softest flannel, beautiful light gray dotted effects and faint parallel stripe — value $3.50—our regular price $3—now reduced to $2. **$2**

UNIONS HELP SCHOLARSHIP FOR NEWSBOYS

Leading Organizations Start Ball Rolling—Others Will Follow.

FUND PASSES $2,000 MARK

NEWSBOY'S SCHOLARSHIP FUND.

Previously acknowledged	$1,900.25
Fall River	5.00
John Sean	.25
M. M. S.	1.00
Total to date	$2,005.75

Labor unions have joined heartily in the movement inaugurated by the Newsboys' Union of Boston to provide a free Harvard Scholarship for newsboys, and thus far, of the $5,000 needed, more than $2,000 has been received. The unions by their generosity have increased the fund materially.

The BOSTON AMERICAN has already acknowledged the receipt of a check for $25, from the Newspaper Drivers' Union for aid of the scholarship fund, and other check from another union whose name is not mentioned, together with the check from the union to be forwarded to Chairman Tobin. It is expected to contribute to the fund, and in this connection the letter accompanying the check from the Drivers' Union is of interest. It reads as follows, a little serious in itself. Here it is:

Chairmanker' International Union No. 97.
Boston, Mass., Aug. 15, 1905.
Editor BOSTON AMERICAN:

Dear Sir—In an effort of deserving boys who, in an effort to get an education, never had that opportunity readily, education, when brings back my son. Harvard, I am not a college man, I am sorry to say, and my children now in the public schools of Boston, are deserved, no education in college, or my means will allow.

I have been prompted to asked the and saving, Here can help one, Many we can not help many, and if each one will contribute a small sum we dollars to the Newspaper Boys' Scholarship. Wishing success,

I Remain Respectfully Yours,
HENRY ABRAHAMS, Secretary.

Chairmanker' Union No. 97.

Here is another letter which is self explanatory:

Editor BOSTON AMERICAN:

Dear Sir—In an effort of deserving boys who, in an effort to get an education, never had that opportunity readily education, when brings back my son. Harvard, I am not a college man, I am sorry to say, and my children now in the public schools of Boston, are deserved, no education in college, or my means will allow.

I have been prompted to asked the and saving, Here can help one, Many we can not help many, and if each one will contribute a small sum we dollars to the Newspaper Boys' Scholarship. Wishing success,

I Remain Respectfully Yours,
HENRY ABRAHAMS, Secretary.

Two of the most interesting contributions to the fund thus far were received in an envelope which was left at the BOSTON AMERICAN office by an unknown messenger. One contained $1 in pennies accompanied by a slip of paper with the names "John Doe and Richard Roe" on it. The other contributions came in registered letters, and the BOSTON AMERICAN, for the present, will not disclose the names of the great many of them.

Any one wishing to make a contribution to the fund may send it to the office of the BOSTON AMERICAN, Tremont and Boylston street, or to Kibbler, Peabody & Co., who have charge of the fund. All contributions will be acknowledged in this paper.

LANDS TO FIND HUSBAND DYING

Mrs. Helda Swenson came to this country from Christiania, Norway, to join her husband, only to learn that he was dying of typhoid fever at Brockton.

Waldvil Swenson came to this country a little less than a year ago to establish a home for his wife and their six months' old baby girl and two-year-old boy. He worked as a shoemaker in a Brockton factory, and when he had saved enough money to pay the passage of his family he sent for them.

Mrs. Swenson left her children with her aged mother, Mrs. Christina Skantering, at Christiania, and sailed for Boston on August 10 on the Scandinavia.

When the husband failed to put in an appearance at the dock to welcome his wife, officers were sent to Brockton, where they told that the man asked for was sick with typhoid fever. Mrs. Swenson's grief and condition probably would be relieved today, as word was to had that his wife was coming to see him.

Unless the man recovers Mrs. Swenson, her mother and the children will be deported. She has lost the remittance fee, and that she has five brothers living in Illinois, but the fare home is more than she can pay.

NEWS OF LABOR.

Raid and Tip Cut Teamsters' Union No. 191 has received a letter from International President Cornelius Shea of the teamsters' union, thanking the members for their loyal support during the Chicago strike.

A special meeting has been called for Sunday afternoon at Faneuil Hall to receive the report of the delegates.

MUSICIANS' UNION.

Musicians' Protective Union has elected the following delegates to the convention of the American Federation of Labor, to be held at Pittsburg: Secretary Joseph Franklin, Secretary F. C. Kelliher, T. C. Brooks, Jr., Thomas Comerford and Frank Hall. Alternates were also elected to represent the delegates of the convention in case they are unable to attend. Secretary Franklin and endeavor to have delegates from branches of the International Musicians' Union.

TEAMSTERS TO PARADE.

Meetings will be held by Joint Council of Union No. 25 at Brotherhood Hall to-morrow evening and Sunday afternoon, for the purpose of distributing uniforms for the Labor Day parade. Business Agent Dan Desmond will address the members at the meeting, on the need of marching Labor Day with full ranks.

LABOR NOTES.

Stationary Engineers Union No. 10 meets to-night at No. 334 Tremont street.

Boston Typographical Union, the rubber makers' organization, will be held Friday, August 25, in Mechanics' rooms, under the auspices of the Central Labor Union. Secretary Thomas Gallivan, of the Central Labor Union, No. 87 will hold a mass to-night at Central Labor Union hall, 334 Tremont street.

Business Agent John F. Kennedy of Sheet Metal Workers' Union, No. 17, has returned from a vacation spent at Nantasket. Kennedy will be in charge of the office during the absence of Secretary Sullivan, who is now in Europe.

Special Agent Frank H. Foster of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor has returned to his office after a vacation spent at Nantasket.

BROCKTON'S MAYOR SCORED BY MRS. ALDEN

She Denounces His Exoneration of City Marshal Boyden in Signed Statement.

WALL TO DEMAND HEARING

Special to the Boston American.

BROCKTON, Aug. 18.—Mayor Keith's exoneration of City Marshal William Boyden from a charge made by Mrs. A. C. Alden that Boyden had insulted her, is severely criticised by Mrs. Alden in a statement given out to-day.

Mrs. Alden's statement concerning Mayor Keith's finding on her charges is as follows:

Mrs. Alden's Statement.

"The Mayor states that he has carefully considered the case and calls for my husband regarding certain conduct of Marshal Boyden. The statement is misleading. The proceedings were not called by me. My name was not upon the list of witnesses that the Mayor sent for, and my husband's illegal discharge from custody was not asked for.

"I have carefully read and I make statements affecting Marshal Boyden, and I am willing to stand by every word of them, and I think any one who reads the Mayor's investigation. He asked the Marshal if he had insulted me, and the Marshal naturally answered according to his lights. The great searching inquiry ended there.

"The Mayor says that he has investigated and found the Marshal innocent. He has investigated nothing of the kind. He and the Mayor overruled that further investigation was not necessary. He has not investigated the charges at all. The parties of the complaint could not prevail against it.

"I am willing to state that I gave to the Mayor an offer to produce witnesses against the Marshal. It is pretty well understood that the charge could never be proved, but the Mayor refused to sympathize. Then Marshal Boyden was found the Marshal insolent—of course he has. The Marshal said he was by the Mayor, and the Mayor said he was not. Then the Mayor said that I had never called upon him for redress. I called upon him and I failed to do so. This statement is misleading. I did not call upon the Mayor because I knew that I could get no redress. I called upon the Mayor because my husband was under arrest and I thought he might be able to help me. I did not call upon him because I knew he could get no redress. I told him I was not there for redress, but because my husband was under arrest and I thought he might help me. Since then I have done this, and I have done that, and I am willing to stand by the statements I have made. The Mayor's investigation is a farce. The Mayor's investigation is a farce. The Mayor's investigation is a farce

Boston American Daily Home Magazine

WHICH GIRL DOES A MAN LIKE BEST?

1.-THE FLIRT OR THE COQUETTE?

First of a Series of Six Articles on "The Eligible Girl," by

Beatrice Fairfax

WHEN a girl hears another girl described as a great flirt she usually feels a pang of envy.

She doesn't stop to reason out the difference between a flirt and a coquette.

The coquette coquettes because it is born in her to do so and she can no more help it than she can help being winsome and charming.

But the flirt is quite a different proposition.

She deliberately leads a man on, and then discards him as she would an old glove.

She is cold and calculating.

Every word and act is studied with a view to effect.

She deliberately leads a man on, using every means in her power to arouse his love, and then discards him as she would an old glove, feeling not the slightest compunction for his wounded love and pride.

When he ceases to amuse her or to spend money on her she is through with him.

She is a young woman who believes in not allowing her left hand to know what her right hand is doing, and as a rule has numerous swains dangling after her, each one firmly believing that he is the only one.

Her chief aim in life is to boast of the conquests she has made and the proposals she has received.

She gives a man every reason to believe that his love is returned, and then when he proposes to her she puts on an innocent surprised air, saying she thought they were merely good friends and had no idea that he was serious.

After he has once told her of his love he bores her.

He is a sponge squeezed dry of all interest as far as she is concerned.

She is like a cold-blooded animal, there is not one warm, lovable trait in her.

I am sure that if we could see into her heart, or the place where her heart should be, we would find merely a well regulated machine that never knew the joy or sorrow of a quickened throb.

When she is through with a man he is as dead to her as "yesterday's seven thousand years."

He may have spent every cent he could lay his hands on for her benefit, may have wasted his time, damaged his prospects, she cares not one atom.

If after she has opened his eyes to her perfidy, he turns on her and accuses her of her falseness, she is righteously insulted and goes about telling everyone how disappointed she is in him.

There's nothing creditable, girls, in being a flirt, for you can't be a womanly woman and a flirt at the same time.

The girl who is by nature a coquette is charming, every man adores her, but she never wilfully harms a soul.

The man who falls in love with her does so at his own risk, not because she has deliberately tried to capture him.

The girl who leads a man on to propose to her simply for the sake of having a proposal, knowing all the time she does not mean to accept him, is beneath contempt.

We hear a great deal of talk about the men who lead girls on and then jilt them, but how about the numerous girls who are jilted?

We don't hear so much about them, and yet they are quite as much to be censured as the men.

The flirt has no men friends for the reason that she is not satisfied with friendship.

She has no use for a man unless he is in love with her.

It takes love to blind a man to his faults.

The man who merely desired to be on friendly terms with her would see right through her very quickly.

When you meet a man who is cynical and harsh in his judgment of all women, placing little faith in even the best of them, you may be sure that he has received his education in that line from a flirt.

So don't envy the flirt her reputation, my dears.

In the long run she is neither loving nor loved.

She Would Cure All Kinds of Badness by Suggestion.

This Famous Woman Physician, a Child Student, Says:

"Mothers, Be Hypnotists"

EVERY mother should learn the laws of hypnotism and apply them to her children. If this were done the world would soon be free of miscreants, and happiness would be more general.

Criminal tendencies can be modified and at times even eradicated by suggestion, especially while the person affected is young.

And I have even cured one case of hopeless love by hypnotic suggestion.

DR. EUGENIE R. ELISCU, of New York city a practicing woman physician, who employs hypnotism as one of her regular therapeutic agents, makes the foregoing statement in commenting upon the published announcement of Judge Lindsey, of the Denver Juvenile Court, that he would employ hypnotism as a means of reforming boys and girls.

"Judge Lindsey's innovation in court procedure is one of the longest strides in the direction of improvement that could have been taken," said Dr. Eliscu, who, by the way, has the reputation of being one of the most learned members of the medical profession in New York. She is still a very young woman, unmarried and handsome.

Criminality a Disease

"A criminal tendency," she said, "is merely a diseased condition, and it discases such as even wry-neck, which is at times extremely obstinate, yield to hypnotic suggestion, why not also the crime disease?

"I instance wry-neck because it was only the other day that I was called in to an extreme case of that kind. The patient's neck was twisted almost completely around and he had convulsions at alarmingly frequent intervals.

"As a result of my prejudice that his relatives might have, I applied some chloroform liniment and then placed the patient in the hypnotic state. This was a more than ordinarily difficult task, requiring three-quarters of an hour. But almost immediately after that the neck returned to its natural position, the convulsions ceased and the patient has not been troubled since.

"Man consists of a body, mind and soul, and in each of these planes he is amenable to hypnotic suggestion. That his bodily ails can be made to yield to suggestion you have seen in the case of the wry-neck. In regard to his mental part, the trouble usually used to strike a spark from the flint, consists of despondency growing out of failure to attain some end or object aimed at.

Soul Must Be Reached

"It is to the soul itself, however, in the vital, immortal part of us, that we must mainly look for the eradication of the evil tendencies and the awakening and expansion of the virtues.

"The soul is the performer, as it were, that uses our bodies somewhat like musical instruments. If the instrument is defective, no matter how good the performer, there will be discord. And there will be even worse discord if the performer (the soul) be bad, no matter how good the instrument.

"To reach the soul the hypnotist has to appeal to it through the mind. For this reason it has so far been found utterly impossible to hypnotize idiots, because they are altogether deficient in mind.

"In the soul of everyone, even the most depraved and criminal, there is some latent good, and it requires only the right sort of suggestion to well again."

Moral Force Needed

"The process is a wrestling; it needs the moral force of the human mind to impress upon another the perception of the necessity of doing or refraining from doing something.

"The case of hopeless love that I referred to was that of a sixteen-year-old boy. The object of his infatuation was a woman of twenty-four, who was not even aware of his sentiment toward her.

"The lad was pining away. He was very sick before he was placed under my care. Fortunately he realized the gravity of his situation, and his own will co-operated with mine in bringing about a forgetfulness of the young woman. Within a short time he was well again."

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

For the last three years I have been corresponding with a distant relative of mine, whom I love greatly. One year ago she became engaged, quite unexpected to me. As I never told her of my intense love for her, I could never make my disappointment known, therefore our correspondence was continued in the same friendly way. Now the engagement has been broken, for reasons unknown to me. Do you think it right to tell her of my love so soon after the annulment of the engagement, or is it proper to wait a few months with that? Whep does she usually hear in mind that I am 3,000 miles away from her.

HOPEFUL HEARER.

I WOULD advise you not to run the risk of losing her a second time. There is no reason why you should not tell her of your love at once. The distance should be no bar to your love, provided you have the prospect of covering it at some future time.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am twenty years of age, and am keeping company with a young man twenty-one years of age. I have known him for a number of years, as we graduated from the same school. We expect to be married in a month's time, but I have not received an engagement ring, and would like one very much indeed. Kindly advise me if it would be proper for me to ask him if he intends to give me one. I would not like to give him up, as I am boarding and have no home.

A CONSTANT READER.

OF course, it is nice for purely sentimental reasons to have an engagement ring, but, after all, it is such a trifling thing that I think you are very foolish to fret over it. If your love for him is not great enough to stand the test of not having a ring, I would advise you to give him up. I think it is better to save the money for more practical needs.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Having known a young man for five months, I am deeply in love with him. I have heard from several people that he is a married man, and I told him about it and he denies it.

LOVELORN.

YOU must find out whether he is single right away. Surely you have some way of proving it. Do not marry him until you have absolute proof that he is unmarried.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am a young man twenty-two years of age, and have kept company with a young lady two years my junior for the past two years. She has promised me that she would be mine, but now she wants to marry for money while to come. I think she loves me very much, but I cannot understand her reason for keeping me waiting so long. She knows that I am neither a drinker nor a gambler, and that I am saving what money I can, so as to make a good home for her. Do you think that her intentions are serious, or that she is keeping company with me until she sees if she can do better?

Now, Miss Fairfax, I am all broken up over this, and would break a my heart if she should leave me.

H. E. L.

HAVE a little patience. She probably loves you, but she is young and not quite ready to settle down. Honor her for a few months, and then tell her frankly that you wish to have things settled. I think she will listen to you then and be reasonable.

Hints on Health and Beauty

By the Professor

DEAR PROFESSOR:

My cheeks are quite fat, and I would like very much to have them a little thinner. If I can make them so, without injury, kindly tell me of a simple remedy that will enable me to do this.

I am quite tall for my age. I have been told that as I grow I am apt to stoop in walking, that is responsible for my unusual height. I am only seventeen and do not admire tall people. I do not want to get any taller, so please tell me of some way to prevent getting taller. Should I stop walking so much?

ANNA J. R.

IF your cheeks were thin you might have cause for complaint. My young girl correspondents frequently tell me that their cheeks are too fat, and I make it a point to reply by telling them that they have nothing to worry about, as it is perfectly natural for a young girl's face to be too chubby for bodily symmetry. When the proper time comes the oval of the visage lengthens gradually, and the chances are that if you were to attempt a fat cure now to remove the superfluous fat from your cheeks it would give you the appearance of being haggard, so I advise you to let those chubby cheeks of yours alone.

Do not get the silly notion that much walking is responsible for your growing so tall. Nothing can prevent you attaining the height nature intended you to be, and be happy in the comforting thought that you have one less physical deformities and be content as you are.

SCARLET LIES

By X and Z, Authors of Married to Mystery

CHAPTER CXLIX.—Continued.

"I NEVER for a moment," she said, "doubted that you were not on board—that you were not the cowled monk, though the striking resemblance of your voice to Stephen, and—and, oh, other little things, which I can't very well explain—made a very deep impression on me, as Captain Menzies can tell you. It filled me with all sorts of wild fears and hopes and suspicions—more particularly as this Mr. Braine had said such an extraordinary thing, and put such a terrible thought into my mind. He reminded me that it was quite possible that Stephen might still be alive—"

"But that is preposterous!" exclaimed Dick Menzies and Talbot in one and the same breath. "How could Braine say such a thing?"

"You forget," said Mary Armstrong, quietly, "that his body has never been found."

"The man Braine is a scoundrel of the deepest dye!" said Dick Menzies, hotly. "A blackmailer and a charlatan! I hope before long to see him safely under lock and key!"

"Yes, yes, my dear fellow," said Talbot, a little irritably; "but all that has nothing to do with the very interesting information which Miss Armstrong is giving us."

"The impression left on my mind," continued Mary Armstrong, "is very difficult to describe. Only about an hour ago I was talking to Dick Cuppidy Monkton on the yacht, wasn't I, Dick?"

"You were," agreed Dick Menzies glumly.

"And he was doing his best to persuade me how foolish it was, and that I could have plenty of opportunities of meeting you and speaking to you, and of dissipating my mind of the impression which was then faintly, but is now firmly fixed there that the cowled monk was—was really Stephen, or his ghost. Oh, don't laugh at me, Mr. Talbot, don't, please. I am really very serious."

"I see you are, Miss Armstrong," said Roger Talbot, with difficulty restraining a smile of incredulous amusement. "But, surely, my dear girl," he added in a rather ly tone of voice, "you are old enough not to talk of ghosts. Surely you don't for a moment suppose that those we love and who have died come back to earth to frighten and scare us out of our wits—eh?"

"I am not so sure about that, Mr. Talbot," she answered gravely.

"Oh, Mary, do be sensible!" cried Dick Menzies.

"Certainly, if

The Spirit of Stephen

came back to earth," she said, with quaint solemnity, "I am quite sure I shouldn't be frightened and scared out of my wits, as you say, Mr. Talbot. Why should I? I firmly believe that—that he lives—that we shall meet again."

"Ugh!" Talbot shuddered. "Come, don't let's embark on the dangerous ocean of spiritualistic speculation. Let us stick to hard, earthbound facts—eh?"

"In that case," answered Mary, "I am bound to say, in all seriousness, that I firmly believe Stephen Holland to be alive, and that it was he I spoke to on the yacht at Marseilles that night."

"Humph!"

Talbot eyed her suspiciously, then gave a furtive look at Dick Menzies, whose expression and attitude betokened exasperation and profound disgust. That Mary could possibly enunciate such a startlingly illogical theory passed all the bounds of reason and common sense. He was literally speechless.

"Do you mean to say," exclaimed Talbot, "that you really believe Stephen Holland is alive—that he was not murdered—that—"

Words failed him. He could only gasp.

"I mean to say," said Mary, very quietly and very seriously, "that I really believe it was Stephen Holland who spoke to us on board the Sardonia that night. Alive or dead—ghost or mortal—"

Talbot's eyes twinkled. He was beginning to regard her as a somewhat irrational and wayward child.

"Suppose," he said, "I were to tell you that I was there—that I, too, saw Stephen Holland—"

"That would be too foolish," she said, "because I could not possibly believe you."

"Why? Why, because, in the first place, the monk was a head and shoulders taller than you, and—"

"Oh, we won't discuss that," laughed Talbot. "Anyhow, I wasn't there, and I haven't the very slightest notion who it was who impersonated me. As to the existence of the monk, I have such a thing. Grinsome notion for a ball, I think. But we ought to have no difficulty in finding out, you know."

"That is what I am going to do without a moment's unnecessary delay," answered Mary grimly.

"Your friend Braine ought to be of assistance," said Talbot.

"I don't want to have anything to do with Braine," said Mary, very firmly. "This is

A Case for the Police.

I want to see Gerrard."

"He won't be much good," said Dick. "I should try someone else."

"Anyhow, Gerrard has the case in hand, Dick, don't be cross with me. Stand by me, and help me out, as you have always done. Why won't you?"

"My dear girl," exclaimed the young soldier, "it is because I think you are doing your level best to make a very undignified, not to say ridiculous, fuss about nothing in particular. Just fancy going to Gerrard, or anyone else, for the matter of that—and saying: 'Stephen Holland isn't dead. He's alive.' He wasn't murdered at all. I know it, because a man in fancy dress and a mask, appearing under an assumed name, came to dance; and I spoke to him, and his voice and manner strongly reminded me of Stephen Holland's. Why, the ridiculous part of it, Mr. Gerrard, is—"

"Sounds rather queer," agreed Talbot.

"But," insisted Mary, almost angrily, "I know it was he. I am certain."

"An hour ago you were not," said Menzies.

"Because I had not seen Mr. Talbot—nor, oh, there you are now, suppose Mr. Talbot spoke like Stephen—"

She shook her head, and stopped him peremptorily.

"You are missing the whole point. It was not Mr. Talbot. I tell you, mistake him, Stephen is tall; Mr. Talbot is short, and then there is the voice, and—But don't let us quarrel over it, Mr. Talbot, if I appear very foolish—"

"Not at all—not at all," exclaimed Talbot. Forgive me, my dear. Miss Armstrong, if I appear incredulous and—and dumbfounded at your amazing suggestion."

"I want you, if it is possible, Mr. Talbot," she said, "to assist me in tracing him."

"But how can I? What can I do?" he asked.

"Surely you ought to take some steps to ascertain the identity of a person who impersonated as yourself under such conditions. It is a very serious thing, isn't it?"

Talbot smiled.

"Very well," he said; "I'll lose no time in instituting proceedings. But I think the best thing for us to do is to see the Mr. Braine, don't you, Captain Menzies?"

"Don't ask me to go near him!"

That Scoundrel!"

exclaimed Dick Menzies. "Personally, however, let me very strongly advise you to have nothing whatever to do with him."

"But I must see him," said Mary, "and you, Miss Armstrong," said Talbot. "You can rely on my doing anything in my power to assist you. Would you like me to speak to him, Dick?"

"Oh, no!" she answered, quickly. "Don't bother him yet."

"Very well, then. You can always find me at my club, you know. I shall be in town for a couple of weeks before going down to the country again."

"Thank you ever so much, Mr. Talbot! And I hope you will call upon us. We shall be in town for the season. Do you mind if I have a chat with my mother?"

"Not at all—delighted—but this—this matter of the Franciscan friar?" he asked.

"Very well," he said; "I'll lose no time in instituting proceedings. But I think the best thing for us to do is to see the Mr. Braine, don't you, Captain Menzies?"

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"Not at all—delighted—but this—this matter of the Franciscan friar?" he asked.

"All right," laughed Talbot. "An revoir!"

He turned and walked away, leaving Mary and Dick Menzies alone.

The latter was gloomily looking at sixty miles an hour through the Summer night.

"Well, Dick?" exclaimed Mary, "what do you say now, Dick?"

Dick Menzies looked at her rather miserable and dejectedly.

"What do you want me to say, sweetheart?" he asked, gloomily.

"Poor old Dick," she said, affectionately, laying her little gloved hand on his arm. "don't look like that! You know that this—this will never make any difference to us. And, oh, I can hardly realize it! Is it true? Is it possible that Stephen is alive?"

The man winced.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WAY TO PACK TRUNKS

NOW that the holiday season is here, every one's thoughts naturally turn to the short rest from home cares and business worries that they expect to have, and most of the womenfolk begin to think of the matter of dress. This, of course, is a most important item in the holiday programme. People not only want a change of air, but also a change in the style of clothes, and dainty blouses, pretty gowns and smart costumes are made and packed away into the trunks and boxes.

When the destination is reached and the boxes unpacked it is often disappointing to find that a new skirt is very much rumpled and has quite lost its freshness and the blouses hardly look fit to put on because they are so creased. This is the result of hurried and careless packing.

It should always be remembered when packing a trunk that heavy articles of clothing should be put in first, such as cloaks, skirts, etc.

It is important that some thick garments should not be forgotten, in case of wet and cold, and when these have been put in the bottom of the trunk the other packing can then be proceeded with.

To keep a skirt from creasing it should be folded to fit the trunk, or, if it is very long, it may take the full length of the skirt. If some sheets of soft paper are laid between the folds of the skirt it will save much creasing.

Next comes the more difficult task of packing the blouses so that they are not spoilt, and perhaps the best way to do this is first of all to lay them face downward, and then fold the sleeves over, as they are not so likely to be crushed as if the blouse is folded.

Boots, shoes and small articles can be packed down the side of the box, and the lighter of a trunk is packed in the bottom, there is of the things being shifted about their places through the jolting of the trunk when it is being moved.

If the trunk is a hat tray, this will do for the hats, but the space is usually too limited to allow of underneath tray, and a hat box is almost indispensable. If the family is large, a tin box should be reserved for head gear, and small articles, such as stockings, should be stuffed into the crowns of the hats.

As soon as the destination is reached, and the trunks have arrived, they should be unpacked at once, and the skirts hung up, and other garments laid in the drawers. As the accommodation is usually very limited, room can be saved by leaving the under garments in the trunks.

If you would have your clothes packed so that as little damage as possible befalls them, it must be remembered that packing requires care and method, and it cannot be hurriedly done.

Hearst's Boston American Pattern

A Graceful Costume

Nos. 2,893 and 2,783.—This frock is one of the newest models which have been made admired by artists, and deservedly so. Crepe Jeda in an old rose shade serves as a foundation, while puke and cuffs make an effective insertion, held together with fine lace stitchers. Those sleeves are not cut may be used if one desires, but the tegulation sleeves are so pretty that it seems a pity to discard them. For an evening bodice both cuffs and yoke may be omitted. The five-gored skirt is cut short at or may be lengthened to the instep, shirred fullness and so on. Any soft seasonable fabric may be used in this gown and it is very easy of construction. The material required for the medium size is 17¼ yards 27 inches wide.

No. 2,893 is in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust.

No. 2,783 is in seven sizes, 20 to 32 inches waist.

Send 10 cents to obtain one of these patterns, giving name of both pattern, and the size, name and address to HEARST'S BOSTON AMERICAN PATTERN DEPT., P. O. Box 250, Boston, Mass.

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Tragic Romance of Millionaire's Widow!

How the chivalrous suicide of Banker Garth has enabled his widow to wed groom whose horsemanship won her heart.

Newport's Haunted House!

Most famous mansion in the abode of the "400" haunted by a beautiful ghost that scares servants into giving notice.

Invited Sweetheart and Friends to His Suicide!

The story of the tragic revenge of Don Cabrera, who sought death on the horns of a bull to punish girl who jilted him.

Captain Hardizan!

Continuation of Jules Verne's last great novel, written by the greatest imaginative writer of the times just before his death, and now printed for the first time.

IN THE

Boston Sunday American

A Page in color of beauties submitted in the saddle horse prize competition.

Other Features

Miss May Dullere, the physical culture expert, tells how you can retain the benefit of your summer vacation.

Mrs. Osborn, creator of fashions for the fashionable women of America, describes gowns of the smart set worn at Newport.

What you should do at the "Leather Wedding," by Mrs. Linda Hull Larned, author of "The Hostess of To-day."

Other Features

A few delightful gifts for the new baby.

Choice and tempting dishes for a fickle appetite.

A fifty cent piece of music free.

For the children—the cut-out story of Cinderella.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX WRITES AN ARTICLE OF INTEREST TO ALL WOMEN FOR NEXT SUNDAY'S ISSUE OF THE BOSTON SUNDAY AMERICAN

JACK HARKAWAY'S SON

A Story of Stirring Adventure, Afloat and Ashore, of a Brave, Manly Boy

Harvey Aims Gun at Mysterious River Craft, but Jack Prevents a Tragedy.

CHAPTER V.

The Fight on the Meadows

When he left our young friend, Jack Harkaway, he had just discovered that his submarine boat was aground in a bar off Ward's Island, and that the enemy, Hunston, had escaped.

Jack had leaped from Brooklyn Bridge, clubbed the gun and brought it down on the first head that came within range. The other two now stood back.

"Come on," said one of them; "he's only a kid."

"Go on yourself," said the other. "You go on and I'll follow."

But both of them stood immovable, and had not Jack turned to follow Harvey down the bank they probably would have made no more at all.

This appearance of retreat, however, inspired them to a renewed attack.

Jack, hearing Harvey's yell of warning, turned just in time to seize the first man's outstretched fist and twist it until the fellow howled in pain.

His companion turned, tried to stop himself, but his momentum was too great, and he slid helplessly into Jack's arms.

Two well directed blows convinced both that they had had enough for so early in the morning, and Jack and Harvey were not further molested as they returned to the submarine.

Pirates Ahoy

The boat was now floating almost free, and a few turns of the propeller brought her off shore.

Just as Jack, who had gone into the conning tower, headed her for what he believed to be midstream, he heard a sound of a gasoline launch coming down the stream, and a second later saw Hunston and six or seven men, each armed with a rifle, standing in the cockpit of a low, rakish motor boat, which shot out of the fog and came to a surprisingly sudden stop right across his bow.

"Run her down!" cried Harvey from the deck. "Run her down, and we'll be rid of 'em for all time."

But Jack had another plan.

As he approached the boat he spoke through the tube to Tony.

"Down with her, Tony, to the bottom."

The sinking apparatus worked admirably this time. Down went the boat, almost plunging to the bottom, and to the astonishment of the crew of the other boat she vanished directly beneath them, leaving only a churning circle of foam to mark the place of her departure.

"Now, Tony," commanded Jack, "full speed ahead," and the little boat shot along hardly three feet above the bottom of the river, until the air became so foul to be no longer endurable.

Then she came again to the surface.

Jack looked around.

The boat was resting off about ten knots and directly ahead of him was the morning boat from Fall River steaming under a slow bell, as she felt her way through the fog. It was too late to turn, and the distance was too short for a plunge, and a collision of a kind that would crush the submarine like an eggshell seemed inevitable.

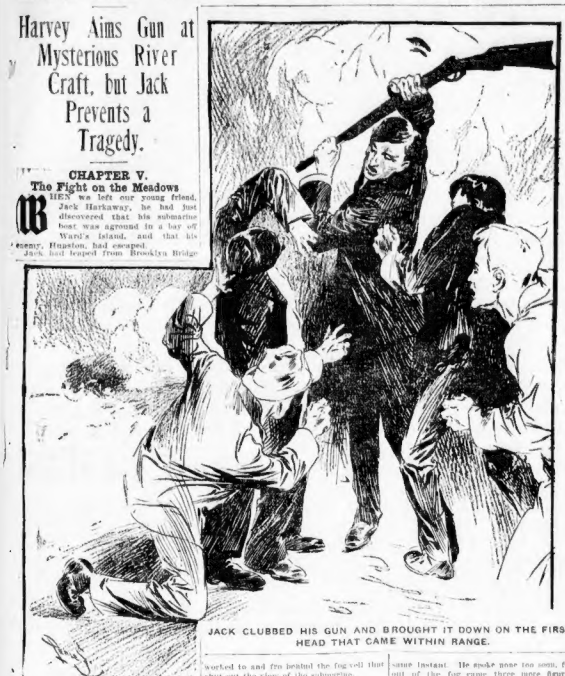
TO BE CONTINUED.

TO THE BOY READERS OF THE BOSTON AMERICAN.

YOU can't always do the best that YOU could be done, but you can always do the best YOU can do. Do it.

Keep out of trouble if you can, but if you get into it, get out without making any more.

Keep your head clear. The best way to do it is to leave whiskey alone, and never allow your lungs to be fouled with cigarette smoke.



JACK CLUBBED HIS GUN AND BROUGHT IT DOWN ON THE FIRST HEAD THAT CAME WITHIN RANGE.

to be rescued by Hunston, and after an encounter with the police, in which the patrol boat was blown to atoms by Hunston's bomb, the latter was taken prisoner by Jack and his friend Harvey.

Now he had made his escape.

Jack and Harvey had no one to aid them save Tony, the Sicilian engineer of the boat.

The craft was helpless, and the day was breaking.

They knew that Hunston would soon organize a gang and return to find them. What was to be done?

In the grey of the morning Jack called Harvey on deck for a council.

To stay there with the boat was to make certain of being seen by passing craft, or from the land and captured by the police, if, indeed, Hunston did not return and speedily effect their capture himself.

The two soon inspected the little vessel. She stuck fast in the mud, but Jack, who had been eagerly watching the water, discovered that the tide was making.

"We've got a chance!" he exclaimed. "There'll be water enough to float her in an hour or two. If nothing happens we ought to be able to get out of here very easily and sink her in some inlet till night."

"But Hunston will be back with help before that," said Harvey, looking about him uneasily.

Too Much Whiskey

"I suppose he will," replied Jack, "but he'll have his work cut out for him getting aboard."

"But suppose he bring his whole gang?"

"Let him bring them. Two men who have got the right of it can stand off a whole army of crooks like Hunston, and I think you'll find he'll be more likely to send somebody after us than come himself. He knows if there's a mix-up of any kind he'll bring the police, and he has reason to want to be absent from any gathering of binoculars."

The morning was cloudy, and a heavy fog hung over the river, shutting out everything but a few feet of the immediate shore line.

Harvey paced the sloping deck uneasily, trying his best to penetrate the fog.

"I wonder whether they'll come by boat or water," he said, suddenly wheeling about. "Listen, didn't you hear the sound of oars?"

Jack faced toward the river, and his ears caught a faint but unmistakable "thump, thump," of oars.

"Get ready," whispered Harvey. "If Hunston's along he won't hesitate about opening fire. We must shoot first."

Jack turned quickly and struck up the weapon that Harvey had aimed in the direction of the noise.

"Be careful," he muttered. "Do you want to kill some one? How do we know that the people in that boat aren't honest watermen?"

Harvey faced him with a look of chagrin.

"I'm nervous," he said. "I take off my hat to you, Jack."

"It's easy enough to be cool," said Jack, "if you keep your wits about you and don't try to pretend you're a man with whiskey, the way you seem to have been doing."

"Just a drop," said Harvey, "it braces a fellow up a time like this. There is a bottle below, and I just took a nip to clear my head."

No More Whiskey

Jack said nothing, but he inwardly decided that there should be no more head clearing of that sort. He would get that bottle of whiskey and throw it overboard, as soon as he found it safe to go below.

The tide had now run a little distance, and the ripples were lapping the side of the boat gently.

The sound of oars had died away in the distance. Although he was not sure that his enemies, if they were indeed in the boat, were not approaching him silently, he felt greatly relieved.

Perhaps, after all, the boatmen were merely passing on their way to ordinary morning duty, and had nothing at all to do with Hunston or his crowd.

Jack's mind was strengthened by the knowledge that in the short space of time that had elapsed since Hunston's escape he could hardly have organized a gang to aid him in capturing the submarine.

The next quarter of an hour passed without incident, save for the occasional sound of boats in the river beyond, where they worked to and fro behind the fog veil that shut out the view of the submarine.

Once a working scow, which could not have been more than a quarter of a mile away, ran up her sails, and Jack and Harvey could hear the captain giving orders to the two or three men who composed her crew.

She still swung there in the tide, as there was not enough breeze to move her. Jack made a note of her position, and planned to avoid her as soon as he should be able to get out into the stream.

The tide had now risen to such a height that the stern of the boat was lifted a little out of the mud.

In another half an hour she would be able to make her way out.

Jack went below to instruct Tony to stand by the engines, and found that Tony's man busily engaged in making up for lost sleep.

Ambushed

The events of the night had exhausted him completely, for he did not have the abundant energy which was Jack's inheritance, and had been kept up by his careful attention to exercise and diet, which had been instilled in his mind by his father.

The Sicilian was aroused with some difficulty, and fell to work at once preparing his motor for activity.

Jack discovered, with gratitude, that the engineer had a supply of crackers and canned fish in the locker, and he made a quick breakfast on these, taking care to take some with him for Harvey when he returned to the deck.

But all thoughts of breakfast left his mind when he emerged in the fog-bound circle of dawn above the deck.

Harvey stood transfixed, gazing into the fog, with his hands held above his head and his pistol on the deck beside him.

Jack followed the direction of his eyes, and saw a solitary figure on the shore pointing a rifle directly at his friend.

"He's got the drop on you, Jack," said Harvey in a low voice, "caught me off my guard. Back in the boat, quick, before he gets you."

But this was counsel which Jack had no thought of taking.

With more zeal than discretion, perhaps, he sprang from the deck of the boat into the soft mud of the meadow and sunk directly for the figure.

There was a red spit of fire, a sharp report. A bullet sang past Jack's head, and flattened against the side of the boat.

Harvey stooped when the weapon was discharged and picked up his own gun.

"Don't shoot!" yelled Jack. "He can't hit you."

He was right. Probably a worse marksman than the man who had attempted to capture the boat single-handed could not have been found, for, although he fired six shots, every one of them went wild and he was at last obliged to climb his rifle to prevent Jack from springing on him and beating him to the ground.

The Fight Is On

To his astonishment, Jack discovered, on approaching the man, that he was hardly more than a boy, a bare-browed, evil-eyed youngster of the kind that hang around the gas tanks and loaf about the water front.

Jack had no doubt that he had been sent by Hunston to keep the submarine from escaping until others of the gang could reach her, and he was prepared for an ambush behind him, but he nevertheless circled slowly around the fellow until he thought he had a good opening, and then throwing himself suddenly on his stomach, slid through the mud and laid him swiftly by the heels.

The gun came down on his back, but it was a glancing blow, and Jack, leaping quickly to his feet, seized the weapon.

"I might hit you with this," he said, "but it would be cowardly.

"You're one of the poor devils that is half dead already with whiskey and cigarettes, and it would be a shame to waller you. But it will be worth your while to tell me who sent you, and why."

The other crouched in the mud, and said nothing.

Now Harvey came running up.

"Can I help you, Jack?" he asked, breathlessly.

"Yes," said Jack. "Go back and tell Tony to tell the propeller over until she's free. Then I'll join you. But first I want to find out why our friend here is out so early gunning for submarines.

"You'll find out quick enough," said the tough, trying to rise.

"Look out, Jack," yelled Harvey at the same instant. He spoke none too soon, for out of the fog came three more figures and with a yell started for the boy.

Harvey's gun was ready in an instant, but Jack, catching the flash of the barrel, shouted:

"Don't shoot. We don't want to kill anybody. Leave them to me."

Four More Thugs

Although there were now four against him, Jack faced them without fear.

He had not knocked around the world with his father for nothing, and all the tricks by which men whose only strength lay in sheer brute force could be taught wholesome lessons were at his command.

As Jack expected, they came at him with a rush, all four at once.

This was exactly what he wanted.

Stepping quickly to one side as they came, he allowed them to go down in a heap, from which he picked the topmost and handed him over to Harvey.

For a few minutes the three others fought desperately with each other, each thinking it was Jack he was pummelling. When they discovered the truth they jumped up quickly and again started for their common adversary, but this time Jack

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Women who are troubled with painful or irregular menstruation, backache, bearing-down feelings, leucorrhœa, falling, inflammation or ulceration of the uterus, ovarian troubles, that "bearing-down" feeling, dizziness, faintness, indigestion, nervous prostration, or the blues, should take immediate action to ward off the serious consequences and be restored to health and strength by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Anyway, write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice. It's free and always helpful.

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NEXT WEEK—Peck's Bad Boy.

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SEPTEMBER COSMOPOLITAN

would prove even more popular than the August number. Reports already received—at the close of the second day's selling—indicate a very great increase in sales.

"Story of Paul Jones"

the first part of which was read with keen relish by hundreds of thousands last month, continues in the September Cosmopolitan. It's a wonderfully fascinating biography.

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And these are facts that are certainly no less interesting than the fiction about "Sherlock Holmes."

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EDITORIAL PAGE OF **HEARST'S BOSTON AMERICAN** FRIDAY, AUGUST 18

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, 80 AND 82 SUMMER ST., BOSTON, AUG. 18, 1905.

Send the BRIBER to Jail

The business-like manner in which District Attorney Sughrue has gone about the sifting of the charges of bribery made in the Board of Aldermen is a matter of congratulation to every citizen of Boston.

The public is now awaiting results and it will judge Mr. Sughrue by the outcome of this investigation.

The only parties to a crime of bribery are the person who gives the bribe and the official who accepts it. Neither one of these persons is likely, in an inquiry of this kind, to admit his guilt. This fact makes it difficult to secure evidence sufficient for the conviction of a public official in a case like the one which will next week be submitted to a special Grand Jury.

At one point, however, there can be no excuse for failure. Alderman Linehan makes the direct charge that a certain person, whose name is not given, offered Linehan and two other members of the Board of Aldermen who were present with him at the time, a bribe to induce them to pass the Dock Trust grab over the Mayor's veto.

Under the statutes of the State of Massachusetts it is a criminal offence, punishable by five years imprisonment, to offer or promise a gratuity to any legislative or municipal officer to influence his act or vote upon any proceeding brought before him in his official capacity.

That there may be no mistake about it, we reprint herewith the text of the law:

Section 6, Chapter 210, Revised Laws of 1902:

"Whosoever corruptly gives, offers, or promises to a legislative, executive, judicial, county or municipal officer, after his election or appointment, either before or after he has qualified or taken his seat, any gift or gratuity whatever, with intent to influence his act, vote, opinion, decision or judgment upon any matter, question, cause or proceeding which may be then pending, or which may by law come or be brought before him in his official capacity, or as consideration for any speech, work or service in connection therewith, shall be punished by imprisonment: in the State Prison for not more than five years, or by a fine of not more than $3,000 and imprisonment in jail for not more than one year."

It will be seen that the penal code is very plain upon this point. The OFFERING of a bribe to an Alderman is a crime.

Alderman Linehan can be required to tell the name of the person who made him this offer of a bribe. He can be required to tell the names of the two Aldermen who were with him at the time and who heard the offer.

Here is an instance in which the evidence is right at hand. No mysterious gum-shoe detectives with dark lanterns and disguises are required to find the criminal in this case.

The moral guilt of the man who gives a bribe is greater than that of the man who takes a bribe, for the man who gives a bribe not only commits a crime himself but he also induces another to commit a crime.

Stop the giving of bribes and you will stop the taking of bribes.

It may be difficult to convict an Alderman of having accepted money for his action in giving away city streets, but it is NOT impossible to CONVICT THE MAN WHO OFFERED HIM MONEY.

This Is Written by Request

It Is About Exercise and Breathing and Such Things

Editor BOSTON AMERICAN:
I read a quotation from your editorial on breathing in "Vim." I would like to see you write one on physical exercise. Do you think it is necessary if we breathe right and bathe often? SANITAS.

We write it with pleasure.

Exercise is important to every human being—to some more than others.

A Spanish grandee, whose father and grandfather and great-grandfather walked around all their lives in high-heeled shoes, small waists and a hot climate, does not need to very much exercise—because those before him did not have it.

Generally speaking, we require physical exercise in proportion to the size of the physical apparatus that we carry around with us.

John Morley is a typical, thin, skeleton-like English statesman. He is something like the Honorable Joe Chamberlain, who says he can get all the exercise he needs walking upstairs once a day.

The thin man, with little besides bone and skin and brains, with a thin stomach that does not absorb much food, can get along with very little exercise—provided he gets plenty of pure air and, through public speaking or otherwise, excites himself so as to force deep breathing and good heart action.

The individual whose people have done hard work, who has got big muscles, a good-sized stomach, inclined to get fat, with a hearty appetite, needs a good deal of hard physical exercise.

If you neglect to keep your body reasonably exercised, it deteriorates, and you sink down with it.

You need plenty of bathing—because all the work that your skin does in ridding the body of impurities is so much work saved for your internal organs. Length of life depends largely on the health of your internal apparatus. Millions die of kidney disease. Nearly all of them could have been cured had they exercised and bathed properly. Kidney disease kills men chiefly in Winter. That is especially true of fat men that die of kidney disease. In hot weather they perspire and bathe, and that gives the poor kidneys a chance. In Winter, no more perspiration, the skin stops doing its share of the work. The kidneys break down—one more funeral.

Breathing is THE important thing in physical life.

You live a week without water, a month without solid food—NOT FIVE MINUTES WITHOUT AIR.

Exercise is valuable chiefly because it compels deep breathing. It is useful, also, because it makes you perspire and inclines you to frequent bathing.

But the principal function of all physical exercise is to keep the lungs in good order.

We live NOT on the food we eat. That food only repairs waste, or builds up the growing child.

We really LIVE and work on the electric forces that we absorb as we breathe.

The iron in the blood—lots of it in the red corpuscles—takes up the electric force, and YOUR BODY IS SIMPLY A COMPLICATED ELECTRIC MOTOR.

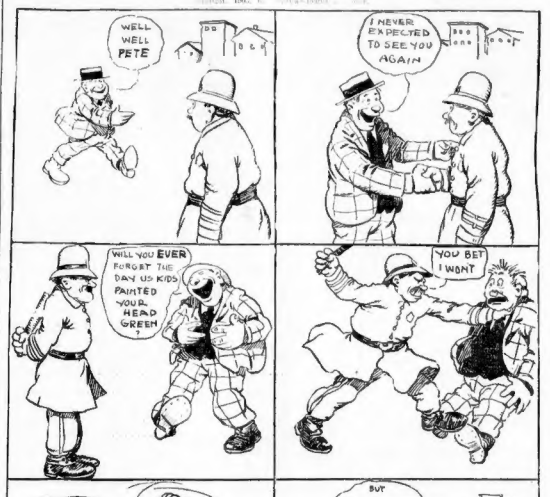
Why are doctors always putting iron into feeble people?

Because the iron is needed to act as a magnet when it passes through the lungs in the blood. More than half the doctors don't know WHY we need iron. There are other things that more than half of them don't know.

That is enough of an answer for to-day—especially as we propose to go on writing about rational exercise and deep breathing and frequent bathing as long as life and our readers' patience shall last.

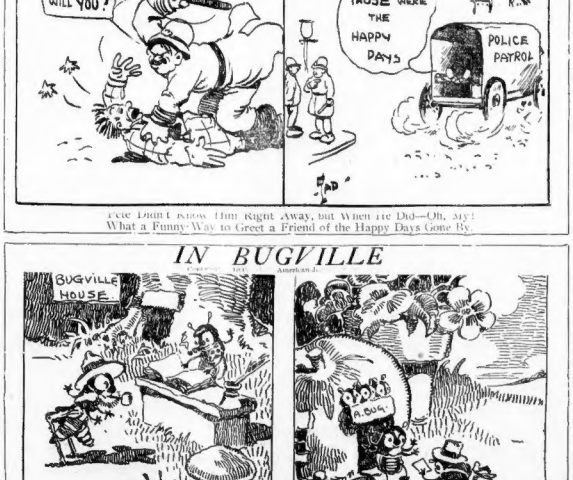
Who overcomes by force hath overcome but half his foe.
JOHN MILTON.

THOSE WERE THE HAPPY DAYS


WELL WELL PETE
I NEVER EXPECTED TO SEE YOU AGAIN
WILL YOU EVER FORGET THE DAY US KIDS PAINTED YOUR HEAD GREEN?
YOU BET I WONT
WILL YOU?
BUT THOSE WERE THE HAPPY DAYS
POLICE PATROL

Pete Didn't Know Him Right Away, but When He Did—Oh, My! What a Funny Way to Greet a Friend of the Happy Days Gone By.

IN BUGVILLE



CLERK—One moment, sir. Don't try to blow out the firefly.

BUG POSTMAN—There's two pumpkin seeds due on this. It weighs more than half a grain.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Why American Children Abroad Are Noted for Their Bad Manners, and How to Correct Them

Copyright, 1905, by American-Journal-Examiner.

AMERICAN children who travel abroad with their parents are objects of unfavorable criticism.

This simple statement will arouse the ire of all American parents who read it, but before you, fond father or mother, express your indignation toward your foreign critics let me ask you a few questions:

What are you doing to prevent your children from making themselves nuisances in their association with their elders?

The fact that they do not annoy you is not sufficient; the fact that you find them the most interesting and remarkable children in the world is not convincing, and the fact that they are exceptionally bright and intelligent or astonishingly intellectual even has nothing to do with the discussion.

In truth, intellectuality and agreeableness are often strangers in adults as well as in children.

Have you taught your boys that they are to wait for all women and all older people to pass through a door or into a public conveyance? Or do you permit them to push and jostle their way through a company or crowd and monopolize places in vehicles?

It is so seldom one finds an American kid of any class who stops aside to let a woman precede him in public places that he attracts immediate attention when he is encountered.

Lack of Training

THE average boy thrusts his elbows against the ribs of the man or woman beside him and dives forward into the car or omnibus at the risk of tripping the unwary or toppling over the weak, and then if this occurs no word of apology is ever heard from the lips of Master Stays and Stripes.

Nor have I yet to hear an American parent remove a child for a performance of this kind. But when others have administered reproof he has met with "fond parent's" defence, "He is only a boy. He didn't mean it, of course. One can't expect children to be as thoughtful as their elders," and so on.

But one can expect their elders to teach them the rudiments of behavior.

Have you told your children that the toothpick should never be employed in public than the toothbrush, or do you allow your representatives to parade through public halls and sit on verandas and in drawing rooms, or even at table, and wield this disgusting weapon?

If you have neglected this very important item in their education let me beg of you to instruct them from this hour forward to attend to their toilet matters in privacy and without compulsory witnesses.

If your children say that well-dressed men and women commit this same offence against decency and good taste, assure them that they were unfortunate in having no well-bred parents to teach them better manners, and that they are not to be emulated, but pitied.

Need Manners

HAVE you spoken to your daughters regarding their high-pitched voices, or do you hear them shriek through house, hotel and street like the steamboat whistle or the trolley gong, with no word of protest?

And you smilingly say, "Mollie is so full of life, you can always tell when she is around."

Do you train your boys and girls when at table to wait until the process of mastication is finished before indulging in active conversation?

Are your children allowed to stand upon the seats of public conveyances with dusty and muddy feet?

Do they interrupt the conversation of older people, with no apology, and enter rooms with the whoop of wild Indians on the warpath?

Oh, yes, I know children are full of vitality and irrepressible life, but I have seen splendid specimens of childhood who envied health and vitality as a sponge exudes water, yet who had been taught good manners and consideration of others by persons and who did not commit these offences.

There is no amount of education you can bestow upon your boys and girls which will make them cultured or well bred members of society unless you build this groundwork of decent manners and habits in their early youth.

Little Editorials from the People

WHAT HAS THE VIOLIN HATER TO REPLY TO THIS?

Editor BOSTON AMERICAN:

The letter from "J. H. F." against violins is one of the happiest examples of an argument which provides its own answer that it has been my pleasure to read for a long time. A person who would hold such base sentiments against the king of all musical instruments is obviously unfitted to criticise the violin at all. He reminds me of a Georgia "Cracker" whom I once heard arguing that "readin' an' writin' wasn't no use to a man, no how. It wouldn't do me no good." I did not dispute him. Nor am I qualified to answer "J. H. F." according to his folly.

The violin, rightly played, weeps for your sorrow, laughs for your pleasure, delineates your reflections and sooths for your passion. It's music comprehends all human emotion, from grief to anger, to prayer to joy.

M. B.
Roxbury.

IS THERE ANOTHER SIDE TO THIS QUESTION?

Editor BOSTON AMERICAN:

While returning from Charlestown with friends early Sunday morning we saw two policemen pick up a helpless man in Haymarket Square and throw him into the patrol wagon like a bag of coal. We heard his head strike the floor of the wagon. I went to the Hanover street police station to complain, and a white-haired man at the bar desk treated me sarcastically, calling me all kinds of names. The Board of Police should have men at the police stations to prevent men being clubbed. The police would not scab Tom Lawson, Judge Elkins or Chief Grady, but how about poor unfortunates who have no money or friends?

JAMES N. B.
Roxbury.

WOMAN, INCONSISTENCY IS THY NAME.

Editor BOSTON AMERICAN:

I am prone to give utterance to the above expression when I hear one of my sex express the belief that, on these torrid, sweltering days, long-suffering man should not avail himself of the privilege to array himself in such garments as will add to his physical and likewise spiritual comfort. For man is but human and, fair sister, judge him not harshly, if, when overburdened with raiment, on a day when the thermometer registers ninety-nine in the shade and business is dull, he relieves his mind by language more forcible than elegant.

During the hot season various things are requisite to good health, and the greatest of these is comfort. To demand that your father, brother, husband or friend swelter in vest and coat is, to say the least, unkind.

NORA MACDONALD SIAS.